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## AN EDUCATIONAL CONCORDAT.

The history of education in this England of ours is an extraordinary one, and, like *Paradise Lost*, proves nothing, though it illustrates, admirably enough, man's fallen state. The old common law, which is still our best inheritance, and (what is left of it) our noblest contribution to the civilization of the West, was sound as a bell on the subject of education—sound, that is to say, so far as it went. By the common law every free person had an unlimited right to education, though children born in villeinage could not be educated without the consent of their feudal lords. It has been suggested to me, in private conversation, by a conveyancer of Lincoln's Inn, that, inasmuch as servile tenures have never been abolished by statute, the child of a copyholder even to this day has no right to receive education without the consent of the Lord of the Manor. But as this point was not taken in the House of Commons it is not likely there is anything in it.

By 7 Henry IV. c. 17 (1406), it was expressly enacted that "every man or woman of what state or condition that he be" (this language would by itself be enough to destroy the contention of

the conveyancer, but for the fact that the statute now being cited was repealed in 1863) "shall be free to set their son or daughter to take learning at any school that pleaseth them within the realm." This bold statute, though it did not apply to Lollards, the only then known form of Dissent, displeased the clergy, always prone to consider education as their *annexe*, and many efforts were made to obtain its repeal or modification, but unsuccessfully. Four years later, in 1410, it was held, in the *Gloucester Grammar School* case (Year Book Henry IV., p. 4), "to be contrary to reason that a master could be disturbed from holding school where he pleased, save in the case of a University, Corporation, or a school of ancient foundation." Mr. Justice Hill declared that "to teach youth is a virtuous and charitable thing to do, helpful to the people, for which a master cannot be punished by our law."

This was the state of the law until we reach the disquieting and uncomfortable times of

the majestic lord,  
That broke the bonds of Rome.  
Henry VIII. was the most highly edu-

cated man (unless indeed Mr. Lowe could dispute the title with him) who has ever played the part of President of the Board of Education, and he, instead of a Code, set forth a Grammar, to be used by all schoolmasters and teachers throughout the land; thus for the first time forging a link between the Crown and the elementary schools of the country.

Tests for teachers began in Elizabethan days, when the oaths, both of supremacy and allegiance, were required to be taken by all schoolmasters and public and private teachers of children. Nor did they stop here—nor could they have done, for we have now reached the time of a "Religion" (Church of Englandism) *by law established*. Acts of Parliament now required that every schoolmaster employed by any person or persons, body politic or corporation, should attend the Church services with regularity, and teach "the established religion." The Privy Council instituted a searching inquiry as to the "backwardness" of schoolmasters in teaching the "religion now established by the laws of the realm." No case, however, arose for "passive resistance" on the part of the public, since no rate or tax was raised for the cost of education.

The bishop first appears on this scene in the reign of James I., when it was provided by statute that no person should keep a school or be a schoolmaster, "except he were licensed by the bishop."

This is the high-water mark of Anglicanism.

It would be unfair not to add, that the toleration of the common law which we have seen destroyed by statute, was more apparent than real. As soon as the Lollards, our first Dissenters, appeared, toleration disappeared. To have expected Queen Elizabeth to allow a Popish recusant to keep a school would have been unreasonable.

Her age was not an age of religion, but of religious differences. It is an atmosphere familiar to all of us, and still congenial to many.

Archbishop Laud had things his own way in education for a while (and it would be wicked to deny his genuine love of letters), and then came the swing of the pendulum. The Puritans carried the country, not by leaflets and public meetings, but by hard fighting on many a stricken field.

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given ground:

Hark! Hark! What means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?

Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God! 'tis he, boys—

Bear up another minute. Brave Oliver is here.

Neither "Brave Oliver" nor his Parliaments were minded to leave the education of the young in the hands of "scandalous" schoolmasters; and commissioners were appointed personally to examine both ministers and schoolmasters as to "ignorance or insufficiency," and to eject those who failed to pass this examination, allowing the ejected ones, if they went peacefully away, a fifth of their year's income. No ejected schoolmaster was allowed to set up a school in the place from whence he had been ejected. Parliament did not hesitate to define what it meant by "scandalous." A scandalous schoolmaster was not only the holder of "blasphemous and atheistical opinions," a curser and swearer, a Papist, an adulterer, a drunkard, a dicer, a breaker of the Sabbath-day, but also "such as have publicly and frequently read or used the Common Prayer Book," or reviled "the strict profession or professors of Religion, or Godliness," or "have declared or shall declare by writing, preaching, or otherwise publishing, their disaffection to the present Government." The same Act of Parliament (1654, ch. 45) pro-

vided that ministers and schoolmasters should keep the chancels, churchyards, and schools in as "good and sufficient repair" as the same buildings were "at the time of their being placed therein."

The schools referred to in this Cromwellian legislation were the endowed schools, but it may safely be assumed that, during the Puritan supremacy, as during the Anglican supremacy, severe tests of "conformity" were exacted from all schoolmasters and teachers. But no taxes were levied to maintain schools or to provide education for the poor.

When King Charles came back to his own, his Church "as by law established" returned with him, and, in the teeth of the monarch's pledged word, the Act of Uniformity was passed which (among other things) required every schoolmaster and tutor to subscribe the declaration of conformity to the Litany as by law established; and in 1665 the *Five Mile Act* expressly forbade any Nonconformist to teach in any public or private school.

The pendulum has swung back again; but a new spirit, or at any rate a new way of looking at things, is now beginning to be noticeable. A series of judicial decisions restricted ecclesiastical jurisdiction over education to grammar schools, and the bishop's license was declared unnecessary when the schoolmaster was the nominee of the founder or of a lay foffee. Between the Bench and the Church there used always to be a healthy jealousy.

By a statute of Anne (13 Anne, c. 7, 1714), the teaching of reading, writing, arithmetic, and so much of mathematical learning as related to navigation, was freed from all restraints.

Protestant Dissenters, under the grudging provisions of the Toleration

Act, gradually became respectable and wealthy bodies. Some of their academies in different parts of the country were famous places. The greatest of all Anglican bishops, the celebrated Butler, was educated in a Dissenting College. From time to time, Acts of Parliament were passed in favor both of Dissenting and Catholic teachers, and by the middle of George the Third's reign it may fairly be said that, although excluded from the Universities and the old Endowed Schools, and still required to go to Church to be married, Protestant Dissenters were left alone to worship God as they chose, and to teach and to be taught (at their own charges) as best they might be.

There is matter for thought even in this brief retrospect, but I must leave it to take up another line.<sup>1</sup>

Our old common law made for freedom rather than for what is now called culture. Whilst allowing anybody to teach, it did not require anybody to be taught. There was no duty on a parent, at common law, to educate his offspring in either sacred or profane learning. You had to feed your child, and clothe him according to your station; but more was not demanded of you. In the eye of the law, education was a charity; in the eye of the Church it was a religious duty. Every mass-priest was required, even in Anglo-Saxon times, to have a school in his house; whilst to found a grammar school has always been an act of charity, protected by the law, and supported by public opinion.

Contrast for a moment the different fortunes that have befallen these two central propositions of the common law on education—the freedom to teach and the freedom from being taught. The first had always to struggle for

<sup>1</sup> I take leave to refer to the admirable History of my friend Mr. Montmorency, "State Intervention in English Education,"

published at the Cambridge University Press, 1902.

existence; for long years it was in total abeyance; and eventually it was but grudgingly restored. But the second, the freedom from being taught, lifted unabashed its ignorant head right down the centuries until 1876, when for the first time education became compulsory. This duty was not, however, allowed long to weigh upon the light-hearted British parent, for, after twenty-five years, in 1901, education was made free, contrary to the opinion of the Prime Minister of the day, but in obedience to the advice of the party wire-puller, and in order to catch the agricultural laborer's vote at an impending General Election. The vote was not caught, but the children's pence remained abolished.

Had it not been for the enormous growth of the population, education would probably to this day have remained a matter of charity, or an affair of religion, and in no way have become a national obligation to be paid for out of the pockets of the tax and rate payer.

The eighteenth century is commonly abused, and yet it saw our Empire founded, whilst within its limit were written books which we are compelled to believe must outlive even that Empire. Mother-wit abounded on all sides. The great pioneer inventions which have altered the face of the earth, and revolutionized our trade and commerce, were made in the eighteenth century by imperfectly educated men. There were also eager students of the old learning in all classes of society. Poor scholars found their way to the Universities as sizers and servitors, and not infrequently rose to the highest places in the Church. Enthusiasms and sentimentalisms grew and flourished. Humanitarianism, a movement second only to Christianity in power and the subtlety of its personal influence, had its rise in the eighteenth century, and was powerfully aided and

abetted by a baser motive—that fear which has dwelt in the hearts of all Western rulers of men since the French Revolution. Our population was too big to be neglected any longer. Men's minds were moved by pity and by dread. Some loved the poor, others were beginning to be afraid of them. By the end of the eighteenth century the education of the people had become a problem.

It would be brutal to retell the weary tale of Bell and Lancaster, and of the monitorial system which was not even original, and half survives in our poor little pupil teachers. A word must, however, be allowed me of the British or Undenominational Schools, and the National or Church of England Schools. Both Societies were founded by religiously minded men—the British Schools taught elementary secular learning, and did their best to teach their pupils to fear God by keeping His Commandments as made known in the Bible; the National Schools taught the same profane things, and strove their hardest, to use their own words, “to educate the children of the poor in the principles of the Church of England.” In the estimable writings of Miss Hannah More you can breathe afresh the atmosphere that created the National School, whilst in the not less estimable Diaries and Correspondence of the Quaker *savant* William Allen you can (if you will) breathe the atmosphere that created the British School. Both schools came very late in the day. As individual efforts they deserve praise; as national enterprises they were pitifully inadequate. The old dames' schools still live in literature and art, but after waging an unequal war with their new rivals, they gradually died out. In not a few of them the three R's were admirably taught.

All this time the population was increasing in geometrical progression.



The ignorance and heathendom of both the field-laborer and the factory hand were being made known to the idle classes through the agencies of novels, sermons and public meetings. Even Prime Ministers grew interested, and the Chancellors of the Exchequer, then unaccustomed to deal with hundreds of millions, partially relaxed their grip upon the public purse. Small, but ever-increasing grants for building and equipping schools were made out of the taxpayers' money to the two Societies; and every now and again some energetic bishop would secure for the Church of England a really fat contribution from public funds, to build Churches and Church schools in neglected districts.

Unhappily—but inevitably in a country like ours, in the matter of public elementary education—there was, almost from the first, rivalry between the Established Church and the Dissenting Bodies. If only there had been a State strong enough and wise enough, and sufficiently bent upon education as a great State aim, to bid both combatants “drop their swords and daggers,” and to cease their brawling over the children of totally indifferent parents, until such time as secular education had been organized, endowed, and established, when their brawling might have begun again, all might have gone well. But no such State existed or exists. Educated men know a little about religious differences, and can at a pinch be persuaded that they really care about such differences; but about education apart from religious differences few either know or care. What makes the dispute all the more unreal is, that those who ought to be the chief (if not the only) disputants—the parents of the children who actually attend or ought to attend elementary schools—have never taken any part in the fray, either because they do not care, or because they are, perhaps,

wisely sceptical as to the value of that kind of religious teaching which is likely to be imparted in the secularized atmosphere of a Protestant school-house; whilst the actual antagonists have never been educational experts, but rival religionists, each striving to prevent the other from getting any ecclesiastical advantage.

This most unholy war condemned generations of English boys and girls to grow up in ignorance. For long years before 1870 it was known that the school accommodation in the country, urban and rural, was insufficient to provide sitting room for half the children who ought to have been in daily attendance. Ignorance grew apace. The voluntary system had broken down. Travellers from Switzerland and Germany, those distant lands, came home with strange tales of national education and crowded schoolrooms. Something had to be done, and at once, to purge a great nation of a national scandal. England must be educated. The cry becoming general, Churchmen and Dissenters alike cocked their ears suspiciously, and prepared for a big fight.

The fight came off in 1870, and resulted in a compromise, famous in its day, though not so lasting as the most famous of all compromises in English history—Archbishop Cranmer's. There are men still living who honestly regret the compromise of 1870. I am not one of them, for out of it sprang those Board schools, the best things that have happened to this country since the Reformation.

The Act of 1870 was frankly supplementary; its chief object being to make up the deficiency of school accommodation, by enacting that, wherever such deficiency was found to exist and to continue after notice, School Boards were to be elected which should proceed to establish a Board school or schools, to be built and maintained out

of a public rate to be levied expressly for that purpose.

The question whether this deficiency in fact existed was a Whitehall question, which was decided without any reference to religious differences. If in a particular neighborhood there was a Church of England school with sufficient room for the children of the neighborhood, there was then, in the opinion of Whitehall, no need for a Board school, and the fact, where it was a fact, that the parents of a majority of the children were Nonconformists, went for nothing. The conscience clause was supposed to be a sufficient protection. This clause provided that "any child may be withdrawn by his parent from any religious observance or instruction in religious subjects without forfeiting any of the other benefits of the school." Conscience clauses are now generally recognized to be wholly futile things. No child will endure being "withdrawn," and condemned to stand aside during any period of the day's instruction. Let him off attendance altogether during this period, and he will become an object of envy; but compel him to attend, and to stand apart, and straightway he becomes an object of derision to his school-fellows, and the helpless victim of the stupid sarcasms of his teachers. I speak with experience of both lots.

When the deficiency of accommodation was admitted and not made good, the School Board came into existence, and proceeded to provide, out of what envious Churchmen then called the "bottomless purse of the ratepayer," the Board school, to which the notorious Cowper-Temple clause applied: "No religious catechism or religious formula which is characteristic of any particular denomination shall be taught in the school."

The compromise of 1870 consisted in this. In the teeth of fierce Noncon-

formist opposition, the denominational schools, already in receipt of Government grants of public money, were allowed to become "public elementary schools within the meaning of the Act," and consequently were taken into account when the question of the deficiency of school accommodation was being considered. Nonconformist parents were, therefore, under the terms of this compromise, required to send their children to Church schools wherever it was unnecessary to establish Board schools, and to be satisfied with the protection of the conscience clause. But, as against this, the Nonconformists succeeded in keeping out of the rate-maintained schools all catechisms and denominational formulas.

On these terms England was allowed to be educated.

It was a fierce fight whilst it lasted, and its history, if recalled, will serve to measure the crushing character of the defeat which the Church of England was able to inflict upon Nonconformity last year. Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, and all stalwart Dissenters throughout the country, thought it a grievous thing that they should have been compelled to recognize sectarian schools, managed by sectarian managers, as part and parcel of a national system of education, so that the children of Nonconformist parents should in thousands of places be required to attend them. It was of course pointed out, that these schools belonged, both land and buildings, to the particular denomination that provided them, and that all the expense of keeping them open, over and above the Parliamentary grants earned by efficiency, and the children's pence (whilst that source of income existed), was made good by voluntary subscriptions. (Hence the the inapt phrase, "voluntary schools.") But Dr. Dale and his friends refused to be comforted. Could that distin-

guished and pious man have been told in a vision of the night that his political ally Mr. Chamberlain would live to be a leading member of a Cabinet which would not only abolish the Birmingham School Board, but dump down all the voluntary schools upon the rates without altering their constitution, it is better only guessing the nature of his reflections.

One has only to take up and read Mr. Morley's fiery tractate, *National Education* (1873), to perceive, what apparently the Prime Minister and the bishops cannot do, that the Act of 1902 is the biggest slap in the face Dissent has received since the Restoration. The Act of 1870 was supposed to be the worst that could happen to Non-conformity! Little did Dissenters realize the force of the Tractarian movement at which they were then content to poke ministerial fun. Little did they dream of the success that awaited the "Counter-Reformation." The scales have now been torn from their eyes.

Looking back, it is easy to see how it happened.

Some enthusiasts, simple folk who cared about education, imagined that the Board schools would devour the Church schools. Board schools, so the argument ran, mean good buildings, ample playgrounds, proper class-rooms, all well equipped, competent and well-paid teachers glad to be quit of clerical espionage and the patronage of the parson's lady. Board schools meant all this, true enough—but they also meant school rates. Nobody likes rates, though even Lord Goschen does not know who pays them. Landlords, farmers, railway directors, shopkeepers, private residents, all hate rates just as much as if they all paid them. How much better to be generous, and subscribe two or even three guineas a year to the Voluntary school where the children are taught to be respectful to their betters, than to be obliged to pay

ten guineas a year for a nasty Board school.

Nor will it now be denied that Whitehall favored the Voluntary schools. It was almost impossible to get a Church of England inspector to condemn a Church of England school. Many a dirty, overcrowded, ill-equipped, insanitary building, was allowed to preserve its status as "a public elementary school within the meaning of the Act."

In addition to these considerations, it must always be admitted that, for the most part, the actual flesh-and-blood parents of the little Toms and Janes who attended school with greater or less regularity, were blankly indifferent whether their offspring went to a Board school or to a Voluntary school; and as for Tom and Jane, a school treat could always buy their innocent little votes.

But although the Voluntary schools were able, with these influences and backing behind them, to hold their own, they did so with great and increasing difficulty. They had to face a very real competition in the large towns. This competition was called by the good Churchman "the intolerable strain"; and the more he thought about it the more unfair did it seem to be. He had to pay for the Board school, when there was one, as a ratepayer, and at the same time to help to keep up the Voluntary school, as a Churchman. It was, so he declared, quite monstrous. He forgot that this was the compromise, under cover of which "his" school was allowed to become "a public elementary school within the meaning of the Act," and to be counted when the question of proper school accommodation was under consideration at Whitehall.

But the Church has powerful friends, and year by year greater demands were made upon the taxpayer; until at last, so successful were these raids upon the public purse, four-fifths at

least of the entire cost of teaching the children in the Voluntary schools came from Parliamentary grants.

What, it may well be asked, was Nonconformity about all these years? Why was this policy of "Nibble" allowed to proceed unchecked?

On this, two things may be said. *First*, Nonconformists are rarely in office, and it is never easy for men not in office successfully to resist a policy of "Nibble," pursued by an Established Church to which most influential persons and all "personages" belong. To resist such a constant pressure demands "eternal vigilance." *Second*, the split of 1886 took the fight out of Nonconformity for many a year. Home Rule for Ireland divided Dissent, as it did all other groups, into two hostile camps. Mr. Gladstone was grievously misinformed when told that the Nonconformists were all on his side. Too many people who have left off "Nonconforming" think they are still entitled to speak for Nonconformity, nor is it possible to gauge the spirit of a population scattered up and down the whole country by occasionally inviting half-a-dozen London ministers to breakfast, to admire your surroundings and listen to your table-talk. The dangers of Home Rule, real or imaginary, drove all other dangers out of thousands of Dissenting heads, and bit by bit the policy of "Nibble" made such a hole in the principle of "paying for your own religion," that it is not to be wondered at that the policy of "Grab" - at last presented itself to the clerical party as quite feasible. The late Archbishop of Canterbury frankly admitted that he was amazed at the "progress" made in this direction. What is the difference, it was not impertinently asked, between ratepayers' money and taxpayers' money? If we can take the one and yet remain in control of our schools, why should we not take the other? The compromise of 1870 was

forgotten. The struggle which at last resulted in the recognition of the Voluntary schools as public elementary schools on certain terms became "ancient history," and Churchmen went about in entire good faith protesting that it was a gross injustice that one public elementary school should be on the rates, whilst another had to raise from volunteers a small sum every year to keep itself going. If reminded that this state of things resulted from a compromise by the terms of which in thousands of country places the children of Nonconformists are compelled to go to Church schools, either to receive instruction in "Church principles" or to be "withdrawn" from religious instruction altogether, the only answer usually forthcoming was, that this was an injustice, most regrettable, but apparently incurable.

Notwithstanding the enormous growth of Church power of late years, nothing but the Boer War and the shameless election of 1900 could have made the Act of 1902 possible. However, there it is, on the Statute-book; there also is its companion, the London Act of 1903. What is to be done with them?

"Leave them alone," say the bishops. "They do nobody any real harm. The opposition to them is but Dissenting sound and fury, signifying nothing. Our admirable magistrates are dealing with charming *brusquerie* with silly Passive Resisters, and our learned judges will know how to deal with recalcitrant county councils. After all, though Dissent is tolerated, we are the National Church, and the ratepayers ought to be, and probably are, greatly obliged to us, for allowing our schools, worth millions of money, to be used for the secular education of countless young schismatics, whose parents are guilty of the sin from which we pray to be delivered every day. Are the ratepayers prepared to buy us out? They will find our figure a high one."

Nor are the bishops, in speaking thus, speaking only for themselves. They have forces behind them. It is not easy to repeal Acts of Parliament in this country.

Nevertheless, the Nonconformists are a power no less than the Church, though not so influential in high places. They have got rid of their apathy, and are more numerous and better organized than ever. "Church principles," even when asserted in friendly terms, grow more and more repulsive to them every day. They cannot assent to these Acts, and, though *never* is a word seldom to be used, I am convinced they never will. As the Acts stand, they condemn Nonconformists for all time to be content with a national arrangement that compels them to send their children to a Church of England school wherever there is no other, and requires them to contribute to the support of Church schools where no Nonconformist can be a head teacher, and where "Church principles" are taught, which Nonconformists believe to be false and harmful. It may be true that of late years the policy of "Nibble" had gone far; but between "Nibble" and "Grab" there is a difference, if it is only this—that whilst "Nibble" may lure you to sleep, "Grab" secures that you are aroused from your slumbers. Nor can it be disputed, that public control should usually accompany the grant of public money.

It is hopeless to expect peace if the *status quo* is to be preserved. Liberals must attempt something. But what?

In the first place, the present Government must be turned out. All will agree that if they are they will not be mourned. Suppose them gone. A Liberal Government, of a stalwart hue, must take up the seals of office. Suppose that done. A Bill must then be introduced and carried through the House of Commons, if not repealing, so far modifying the Acts of 1902 and 1903

as to place all public elementary schools in England and Wales under the control of some public authority, with the natural consequence, that all teacherships will be thrown open without any sectarian qualification. To do less than this would be to do nothing.

To do this would require a Parliamentary majority big enough to make the Government independent of the Irish vote, and of the votes coming from parts of the North of England. A majority big enough to do this might possibly be big enough to sterilize the House of Lords, and reduce to impotence the bench of bishops.

Let this majority be supposed. Up will crop the eternal question—what about religious teaching? Is education to be secular throughout? Is the English Bible to be excluded? Is nothing ever to be said again in any English elementary school of a Life hereafter or of Judgment to come? I should not care to fight an election on that issue.

Is the teaching to be "undenominational"? In practice this could be done, despite the impossibility of a definition. Were there no Roman Catholics and Neo-Catholics in the land, the thing could be done in the twinkling of a pig's whisker. Whenever I am asked what I mean by "Board-school Christianity," I have one reply: "Dr. Temple's Rugby sermons." Dogmas may be splendid things, but an ordinary British child between the ages of 6 and 14 has no mind for many of them. They are an after-acquired taste. A pious teacher in love with Christianity can implant in the youthful mind the seeds of that religion without travelling outside Board-school Christianity; for, though Board-school Christianity contains tremendous dogmas, they are not dogmas which Englishmen, as yet, have learnt to quarrel about. But it is no good! Catholics and Neo-Catholics won't hear about it. They too have consciences. When you



sympathize with the law, lawlessness is offensive. When you hate the law, you cannot hate the law-breaker.

The bishops are amazed that leading Liberals do not denounce the Passive Resisters, but will their lordships swear to observe reciprocity, and to reprimand any Churchman or woman who may hereafter decline to pay a school rate, levied under an Act of Parliament which applies a "Cowper-Temple" clause to all the public elementary schools? I doubt whether the bishops would promise to do more than pay their own rates, and it may be that some of them would refuse even to do that. There were once seven bishops sent to the Tower for disobeying the Lord's Anointed, to whom they owed the religious duty of "passive obedience." How did they excuse themselves? By the argument that, whilst they were bound by their faith never actively to resist the King, they were not bound to do everything he commanded, if they thought it wrong. Modern Nonconformists are not usually well read in non-juring literature; but if they were, they would find in the writings of the excellent Kettlewell their case admirably expounded.

It is a most dangerous position, full of strife and discord, and the loosening of the laws. Neither Church nor Dissent is strong enough to snub the other.

There is one safe way out, and one only. By compromise between the rival parties—who, be it always remembered, are neither of them the parties really concerned. How can a compromise be effected? We are told, on high authority, that it is idle to negotiate with anybody unless you have something to offer him in exchange for what you want from him. *Do ut des*, quotes our Birmingham-Bismarck. It is a wise maxim, borrowed from the Canonists, and therefore appropriate to our present needs.

What has Nonconformity got to offer the Church of England? But one thing—the "Cowper-Temple" clause. It will be hard to part with. It has cost Dissent dearly enough. It is all that is left of the compromise of 1870. The Church has gobbled up everything else. Still, there it remains to truck with. There are more than a million children of Church of England parentage under the operation of this clause, and so prevented from being instructed in "Church principles" in their day schools. It cannot be denied that a million children are worth considering. *Do ut des*. A few high-fliers may believe that some day the "Cowper-Temple" clause may be expunged without any price being paid. But that is hardly likely. The Act of 1902 is the high-water mark of Anglican influence in our generation.

What ought, or might, the Church party be willing to give in exchange for a right of entry into the old Board school—now the "provided" school? In order to teach "Church principles" to a million of children, they will surely give something. On the other hand, how little is Nonconformity prepared to take in exchange for its beloved "Cowper-Temple" clause.

Answering the last question first, I do not think there is a chance of persuading Nonconformists to part with the clause, unless their admitted grievance as to their children being compelled to attend Church of England and Roman Catholic schools is *completely* remedied, and this can only be by all elementary schools being placed under the control of the public local authority. Were this done, the other (and admitted) grievance of the Nonconformist would disappear, viz., the inability of teachers of his way of thinking to become head-teachers in one-half of the rate-maintained schools of the country. For many a long day to come it will be a disadvantage to

be a Nonconformist, if you want to get anything; but disadvantage is one thing, disability another.

Were any such compromise as this possible, the result would be, that religion could be taught in all the public elementary schools of the country.

The property question arises. It always does. The denominational schools are private property. If they are taken over by the country, they must be paid for. If the local authority can come to terms, either to rent or buy, well and good! If it cannot, it must either buy the old schools from their proprietors at a fair valuation to be fixed by some third party, or build new schools of its own. This will cost money—there is no way out of it.

There still remains the question as to the nature of the religion to be taught in all the schools. Here the parents really must, whether they like it or not, conquer their shyness, and, making their first appearance in this ancient and horrid controversy, tell us, when they send Tom and Jane to school, whether they wish them to receive any, and if any, what, religious instruction. There is no chance of the multiplication of strange parental religions. We are not an imaginative people. Jews, Roman Catholics, Anglicans, and Dissenters (in a lump), will usually exhaust the list. The great body of Dissenters will be found ready to accept the same broad, simple Bible-teaching which, for the most part, characterized Board School Christianity.

Unorthodox Dissenters and Agnostics seldom object to their children receiving ordinary religious school teaching, since they know they can always make their own opinions known to their children in private intercourse; but any parent who feels alarm can set his fears at rest, by letting his child run home at the end of the secular work.

In schools where the great majority of the children are all of the same way of parental thinking, things will go on just as they do now in denominational schools. At the close of the secular work, a small minority may either clatter off home, or into another place to receive their religious instruction. In a very short time, we should have heard the last of the religious difficulty in schools. The extra expense occasioned by religious teaching must be paid for by voluntary effort. Would it be absurd to expect the parents to subscribe? At all events, if they did not, other people would.

Compromises are never popular. We love to get the better of our opponent. The Churchman likes to think he has got "his" school upon the rates, and the Dissenter clings to his "Cowper-Temple" clause. It will be hard to persuade either to compromise. The ardent Dissenter "passively resists" in his hour of affliction. If the pendulum swings, the ardent Churchman will do his bit. The honors are easy.

The friends of compromise must appeal to the commonsense and sobriety of the English people. Why should we not provide a good sound secular education for the children of everybody who cares or is obliged to send his children to a public elementary school, and at the close of each day's secular work, for which alone the tax and rate payer will be responsible, allow the children to receive in the schoolhouse the religious instruction their parents desire them to have? Who then can complain? There will be no room for passive resistance on either side. Whoever is opposed to such a state of things must, as it seems to me, be prepared to admit, that he looks upon our national system of secular education as a means of propagating his own religious faith among a class of children he could not otherwise hope to reach.

If no such compromise is possible, the fight must continue, with consequences to the cause of religion which

*The Independent Review.*

some day will startle both Churchman and Dissenter.

*Augustine Birrell.*

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## RURAL TECHNIQUES.

He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished.

Sometimes, when one reads of technical education, or sees what is being done in provincial night schools by County Council Technical Education Committees, one begins to wonder whether our technical educators have ever given a thought to technique; or whether at least they can be aware how much technique the English have long practiced without their aid.

Over all the countryside, wherever one goes, indications of technique are visible to the seeing eye. By technique is meant an exercise of skill acquired by practice and directed to a well foreseen end. It is the name for the action of any of our powers after they have been so improved by training as to perform that action with certainty and success. This is the nature of technique; and, go where one will about the country, one can hardly escape the evidences of its abundant practice.

The metalled roads tell of it well. The deep-rutted by-roads, too, and the winding lanes, preserve through years of neglect the traces of technique in their hedgerows, however tangled; in their ditches, however choked. On the old ruinous field gate, with its lightly arched, tapering top-bar rudely carved on the under side against the tenon, the grey lichen cannot hide the signs

of a vitality more marvellous than its own—the intensified vitality of those skilled hands that shaped the timbers. The fields, newly ploughed in straight furrows, or with stubble in long rows, or green lines of wheat just appearing after snow; and the meadows, well rolled and level, or perhaps still wavy from long-forgotten ploughings; and the river banks; and the copses growing up on old “stamms”; and the woods, thinned out, and full of decayed stumps of felled trees, are all witnesses to the exercise of technical powers, just as are the tools, the farm implements, the wagons and carts, the very horses, and cattle, and sheep. Each detail of country life offers its convincing proof of skill to anyone who cares to look.

But it is in the nature of a technique (as every artist well knows) to be indescribable. No one who practices it can ever explain its essential mystery to one who is not acquainted with it by similar practice. An attentive student from the outside may track it very far, but not home. If he sees the fine results, and discriminates between them and the next finest, he is still unaware, except by inference, of the subtle vitality in the workman's hands which produced the especial fineness. The expert cricketer alone can truly appreciate the inner delicacies of cricket: the admiring onlooker who is not an expert misses what is most to be admired. And since there is this cryptic element in technique, imperceptible

to the uninitiated, the work of a true craftsman often looks so easy as to persuade an outsider that there is nothing in it. How should I know whether I can play the flute or not? I have never tried. How should we guess that a peasant's work is less simple than it appears? We have not given it a thought: we have been talking about technical education.

Yet the matter is one that would reward attention, and from several points of view. Besides the immediate interest that attaches to any form of dexterity, there are bound up with the skill of country laborers secondary interests enough to make it worth investigation. To begin with, an insight into it may enrich our own pleasure. The world has had a good deal of fun out of "Hodge," and a good deal of sweet food for spiritual pride in the comparison of its own learning with his "ignorance"; but a better pleasure than the old fun may be had from recognizing the peasant's accomplished efficiency, and a sweeter gratification than that of spiritual pride from the discovery of more merit in our race than our book-learning had led us to suspect. For our own immediate profit, therefore, it is well to know a little of what it is that peasants can do. Then, too, in the fact that commerce threatens to dispense with the skill of the English peasantry (so that it may actually be not worth the notice of technical educators) there is ground for taking another kind of interest—the antiquarian kind—in that skill. The traditional, and now vanishing, techniques of the country must some of them be inconceivably old. They must have been known to the Saxon pirates (not to mention the builders of Stonehenge and the men of the long-barrows—good at spade-work), and have been practiced diligently by those gentlemen when they settled down seriously to begin making the country what it is

now. The woodman's axe is implied in the Yule log, and the reaper's hook has its place in some of those harvest customs that fascinate the folk-lore student. And as the first English (from whom so much has come) must have been skilled country folk, so one cannot but feel at least an antiquary's regret at seeing their old and well-proved techniques at last going out of use. The vigor of the men who practiced them has been a stand-by, a kind of last national resource, for a very long time.

And this suggests a more vital interest attaching to the skill of country people. What influence the practice of technical gifts may have upon character is perhaps an open question, but farmers are everywhere asserting that the younger generation of laborers are as untrustworthy as they are unskilful. It is true that the farmer is a prejudiced witness, who finds fault as it were by tradition, and was lamenting even in Shakespeare's day "the ancient time, when service sweat for duty, not for meed," yet now it does really seem as though his accusations may have some ground in fact. Allied with this, there is that much regretted discontent with rural life which is emptying our villages and filling our towns. And though, of course, the causes of this discontent are originally and chiefly economic, yet a factor in the problem may very possibly be discovered in this: that to the villager the advantages of elementary education are not even a tolerable substitute for the old lost skill that made the days pleasant and won the approbation of all the neighbors.

That the old-fashioned men found an interest in one another's ability is beyond a doubt. One or two short fragments of conversation with laboring men, to be presently quoted, should be enough to establish that fact. As to the nicety of skill involved in the work

of laboring folk, that too might be inferred from their occasional talk; but after all, opportunities of hearing such things are not many, for the men are commonly too modest about their work, and too unconscious that it can interest an outsider, to dream of discussing it. What they have to say would not therefore by itself go far in demonstration of their acquirements in technique. Fortunately, for proof of that we are not dependent on talk. Besides talk there exists another kind of evidence open to every one's examination, and the technical skill exercised in country labors may be surely deduced from the aptness and singular beauty of sundry country tools.

The beauty of tools is not accidental but inherent and essential. The contours of a ship's sail bellying in the wind are not more inevitable, nor more graceful, than the curves of an adze-head or of a plough-share. Cast in iron or steel, the gracefulness of a plough-share is more indestructible than the metal, yet pliant (within the limits of its type) as a line of English blank verse. It changes for different soils; it is widened out or narrowed; it is deep-grooved or shallow; not because of caprice at the foundry or to satisfy an artistic fad, but to meet the technical demands of the expert ploughman. The most familiar example for beauty indicating subtle technique is supplied by the admired shape of boats, which however is so variable (the statement is made on the authority of an old coast-guardsmen) that the boat best adapted for one stretch of shore may be dangerous if not entirely useless at another stretch ten miles away. And as technique determines the design of a boat, or of a wagon, or of a plough-share, so it controls absolutely the fashioning of tools, and is responsible for any beauty of form they may possess. Of all tools, none of course is more exquisite than a fid-

dle-bow. But the fiddle-bow never could have been perfected, because there would have been no call for its tapering delicacy, its calculated balance of lightness and strength, had not the violinist's technique reached such marvellous fineness of power. For it is the accomplished artist who is fastidious as to his tools; the bungling beginner can bungle with anything. The fiddle-bow, however, affords only one example of a rule which is equally well exemplified by many humbler tools. Quarryman's peck, coachman's whip, cricket-bat, fishing-rod, trowel, all have their intimate relation to the skill of those who use them; and like animals and plants adapting themselves each to its own place in the universal order, they attain to beauty by force of being fit. That law of adaptation which shapes the wings of a swallow and prescribes the poise and elegance of the branches of trees, is the same that demands symmetry in the corn-rick and convexity in the beer-barrel; and that, exerting itself with matchless precision through the trained senses of haymakers and woodmen, gives the final curve to the handles of their scythes and the shafts of their axes. Hence the beauty of a tool is an unfailing sign that in the proper handling of it technique is present.

Coming, then, from the tools in general to those more strictly associated with rural work, we find as it were midway between general and special use one which, connected as it with a perfectly well recognized form of skill, affords a convenient standard for estimating the degree of skill incidental to the use of other tools. The axe, as Walt Whitman says, has been the servant "of all great works on land and all great works on the sea"; and in our country-places it still serves, amongst others, woodmen in the forest, sawyers in the timber-yard, wheelwrights in their village workshops. For though



elsewhere axe-work may be giving place to machine-sawing and apprentices grow up unskilful in it, in villages far from machinery your wheelwright is helpless without his axe, and preserves faithfully the traditional technique of its use. Perhaps also he cherishes the traditional belief (which may be recommended to the attention of technical educators) that a wheelwright must first chop his knee at least five or six times before he can hope to become a master of his craft.

Be that as it may, in the manipulation of an axe—whether it is the mighty two-handed weapon of woodmen and sawyers or the lighter one of wheelwrights—there is one circumstance which makes the tool a pre-eminent example of the law by which beauty waits on technique. In the case of most other tools, from fiddle-bow to dung-prong, the part to be handled is adapted for a stationary grip, but the handle of an axe is required for a grip that may loosen for the swinging gesture, and sliding back swiftly down the shaft, tighten suddenly at the moment of impact into a clutch that is at once firm to check rebound and yet elastic to disperse the jar of the concussion. Consequently there is no part of an axe-shaft, from the wide end where it is wedged into the head to the other end which swells to prevent slipping, but has its necessary contour; and the whole handle, thus fitted so to speak to the clever motion of a man's trained hands, has taken the mould of that motion and exhibits it to our sight. In earlier days, not so long ago but that they can be remembered, but before commerce had dispensed so much as now with the technique of chopping, every worker in hard wood was wont to fit his own shaft into his own axe. The village wheelwright still does so, because there is no other than himself who knows so accurately what his individ-

ual needs are. And seeing that his needs are roughly those of all other men, the established type of the tool is never departed from. It is as indispensable as the sole to a shoe, or as the teeth to a comb. It began to acquire organic shape in the hands of the first primeval savage who lashed a stick to his chipped flint; and through all the thousands of years since then the skill of all woodmen has been moulding the form of the tool until it is impossible to conceive any real alteration in it. But the type is as plastic as it is immutable. The present writer once knew an old wheelwright who, being left-handed, gave such a "set" to his axe-shafts that no other skilled workman could work with them; yet their refinement on the type was so nice that apprentice boys never perceived anything unusual in the tools, until the peculiarity of them was pointed out.

In singular contrast with the axe, which ever suggests the cunning of the individual workman, as the scythe, in whose comely lines the cleverness of the whole race of mowers, rather than supreme individual skill, is recorded. The reader is not to imagine here that there is no technique in mowing, or that a scythe would be a safe plaything for students in night-schools; but only that the scythe, before it began to be discarded, had reached such perfection as to minimize the extent of skill demanded for its proper use. It had almost ceased to be a tool pure and simple; it had all but become an "implement," fit to produce its results even in the hands of men who scarce understood it. True it is that farmers nowadays, when occasionally they want mowers to make up for the deficiencies of machines, have some difficulty in finding men who can handle a scythe. Yet, while this proves that there is a technique to be acquired, on the other hand it must be remembered that no individ-

ual mower can ever have spent more than a few weeks in each year at work with a scythe, and that a few weeks in a year are not enough to allow of the acquisition of any elaborate technique. Consequently in the mower's action, which, so far as appears, is but one action repeated interminably, we must not expect to find all the technique for which the scythe has attained its wonderful shape. There is the undeniable beauty, but the explanation of it refers only a little to the men of our own time: it belongs much more to their unknown ancestors, far back through the generations. To understand the fitness of the tool one has first to realize the intention of it—how its curved shaft is a sort of hypotenuse to the right-angle formed by man and meadow, and then one must imagine (unless antiquaries can restore for us) the slow evolution of it from the first blade (of bronze it may have been) fastened to the end of a pole, up through all the improved forms to its perfected form, which was just reached when the mowing-machine arrived, and the experience of the centuries could be discarded. Realizing so the difficulties of mowing, and imagining so how they were gradually overcome, one pictures no individual, but generation after generation supplementing the imperfections of a tool by dogged traditional dexterity; and one sees how the task may have grown simpler to individual men, as the improved implement compensated for the shortness of time available for practicing the use of it. A very slight examination of a modern scythe is enough to convince one that much history is crystallized in its rare beauty. The original handle is no longer a handle; the handles now are two turned pegs, set in iron ring-sockets which are themselves suggestive of long evolution. Moreover, the sinuous shaft is not now what it was fifty years ago—

the nearest pole that the copse-cutter could find for the purpose—a sort of makeshift, in fact; it is now a shaft rounded and smoothed in a machine lathe, and bent by steam and pressure in a factory to the ideal curve desired by mowers for ages. Perfect scythe-handles might be had now by the thousand, for the type is found, and manufacturers could reproduce it for ever; but at this stage even the easier technique that would suffice for working the perfected tool seems likely to be quite superseded by machinery. Thus the scythe is less the minister to a modern technique than the embodied evidence of a technique soon to be forgotten. Before it is too late specimens should be collected for preservation in museums, where future generations, technically educated, might go on bank holidays and wonder why men ever devised such awkward looking tools.

The axe and the scythe tell their story of technique too plainly to be disbelieved; but evidence of practiced skill in the efficient handling of spades, and shovels, and hoes is not so easily to be deduced from the shape of those tools. They do not take the eye. Compared with the others they seem a despised race, as it were the ill-conditioned jackasses among tools, meriting and receiving scant consideration. Any treatment seems good enough for them: with sufficient stubbornness and brute force anybody might expect to make them go. No fascinating and romantic association of woodland or of meadow attracts affection to them: one looks upon them without sentiment; calls a spade a spade—if an epithet is added it is no endearing one—and discovers in them at best some rough fitness, but little or no beauty.

There may none the less be a beauty in these things that the book-learned have not learnt to see. A laborer, an old and experienced man, might be named here, who still treasures up a

hoe, long since worn out, because in its time it was "such a nice little hoe." The same man speaks with affectionate regret of a shovel he once owned: "The purtiest little shovel I ever had. Wore so nice and thin he was. I wouldn't have lost 'n for a crown. Many's wanted me to lend 'n to 'm, but I never would; but one day my brother-in-law got hold of 'n, and chinked out the edge of 'n, usin' him in some big stones." From this it would appear that an amateur's failure to discern beauty in such tools may prove little more than his own lack of discernment. Because its fitness is not truly understood, the shape of a spade or of a shovel goes unappreciated. In the action of a man digging—when he is following up his trench, and making of thrust and heave and renewed thrust one superb circulatory gesture, still progressing—the fine accomplishment is lost upon the onlooker. Given equal muscular strength, the onlooker does not see why he should be unable to do equally well. But there is more in it than a mere exertion of muscle: more than may be learnt from books or acquired by theorizing. The greatest intellect can furnish no substitute for the practised skill, the "knack," required even in an art so humble as that of digging. It is somewhere related of Emerson that, working in his garden, he was so clumsy that his son called out in dismay, "Take care, papa, you'll dig your foot!" One seems to see the awkward, all but impossible, frontal attack the philosopher must have been making on his soil. Another amateur—not to be named after Emerson, but very intimately known to the present writer—long harbored a delusion that he knew all about digging. His experience had been gained upon narrow garden borders. When he tried his hand upon a straightforward piece of a few rods, trenching deep and burying manure as

he went, the very soil proclaimed his incompetence. Here a ridge showed where he had worked too deeply; there a hollow bore witness to the opposite fault; for, from first to last his unpractised senses had not perfectly apprehended either the length of his spade, or the resistance of the earth, or the weight of the successive spadefuls of it as he heaved them over. Worse still, there was something wrong—something elusive and incomprehensible—in the texture of the ground as he left it. It did not lie loose and friable as an expert would have made it do, inviting the chemistry of the air: it had a niggling look, and, in short, it explained with undisguised candor to this amateur that there were mysteries in the craft of digging only to be fathomed after much longer training than his had been. His acquaintance with books had not availed to supplement his ignorance of other things; for his senses had never been vitalized to that higher power whose action is called technique.

To the laborer already mentioned—that connoisseur of tools to whom spadefuls of earth are as words to the author, though unlike the author he never counts them—we are indebted for further evidence of the nice perceptive powers that a man must acquire for effective digging. The evidence, too, brings us a little nearer to the "points" in which the fitness, and perhaps the beauty, of spades and shovels should be looked for. The old man was talking of a spade that had been provided for him in somebody's garden: "'Tis a spade!" he jeered. "I expect they just sent to a shop for 'a spade,' and they got one! no mistake. Long, and straight, and heavy. . . . Now this little spade here," and he lifted the nearly new one he was using, "It's a very nice little spade. I chose 'n myself, out o' twenty or more they showed me at the shop. But he's

too thick. He wants usin' in sharp sand for a week or two, to make 'n thinner; and that 'd wear off his sharp corners, too, so's he'd enter the ground better. A spade's never no good till his corners is wore off. Same with a shovel. These navvies, when they buys a new shovel, very often they'll take 'n to the blacksmith's straight away, to have the corners chipped off. A blacksmith 'll do that for ye for nothin'—well, with his hard chisels it don't take 'n no time. And then just rub the corners smooth with a file. . . ."

A more mysterious defect in this otherwise "nice little spade" seemed to be beyond correction, as it was also beyond the power of an inexperienced eye to discern. "It hadn't got quite a nice lift to it." Observing how the tree or handle, where it curved down taperingly into the iron socket, was much straighter than that of a shovel which stood near, the amateur supposed that it was there that the fault lay. But he was quite wrong. In that respect the tool was all that a spade should be. "'Tis here in the blade. 'Ten't quite hollow enough for liftin' the earth. Still, 'tis a purty little spade."

Groping thus to the truth of the matter, we may get further light on it by another consideration. We have seen how a scythe is fashioned to facilitate one definite movement, always in the same direction from right to left. (The work of a gang of mowers is like drill, every man's part fitting in with his neighbor's, so that it would be impossible for any one of them to be left-handed.) And we have seen that an axe, by slightest alteration of the shaft, may be fitted to either hand, but once fitted to that, cannot be changed to the other. And now in spades and shovels we reach the other extreme: from the symmetry of these tools the possibility is manifest of shifting them

from hand to hand, indifferently. It is a possibility which suggests that "right-handedness," dexterity, may be dispensed with, or that the untrained *gaucherie* of an amateur may suffice. Instead of the strict handling that has shaped the scythe, we have with tools of this family a semblance of freedom, too haphazard to have warped their balance into a specialized beauty.

Fortunately, there are other symmetrical tools, more familiar to the book-learning, to warn us against a false conclusion here. The skill necessary for using a steel pen or a dinner-knife with one hand is commonly too exigent to allow of its being acquired by the other, and the same truth holds good of shovels and spades and "spuds." If strength were all there is in it, one hand should be as ready for digging as the other; but the much-quoted laborer confesses, "With a shovel I can only use it one way—with my left hand down towards the ground. But that's the left-handed way. If you puts me on to t' t'other way, all I can do is to move a little sand or anything like that, what's on the level. I en't no good that way." "No good," because in this man's estimation the little he can do does not amount to shovelling. To see what shovelling may be, one should watch navvies excavating for a sewer. As the narrow trench deepens, you lose sight of the men, but the shovelfuls of earth come flying up orderly as ever on to the growing heaps at the side, two feet, three, four, five feet above the men's heads, never missing, never falling back nor thrown too far. This is the sort of shovelling that the old laboring man means he can only do in "the left-handed way."

Put side by side, a spade and a shovel exhibit differences as significant as is their family likeness. They are as cousins. Sprung obviously from the same ancestry, each has diverged from the original in its own way, and with

a reason for every modification. The reason, moreover, is the same as that which has fixed the shape of scythes, namely, to facilitate a difficult technical action. Nor is the type of shovel or spade any longer uncertain, albeit there are varieties of it. In the hands of generations of skilful laborers either tool has found its necessary definite form: the tree tapering not without grace into the appointed curve of the iron; the blade wide and thin and shapely. And the type is so nearly perfect that the predilections of individual workmen may be ignored. They are too insignificant to be worth the manufacturer's attention. If our old laborer's spade had not quite a nice lift, yet it was a pretty little spade. And it had been made in America—at Chicago—stamped out with thousands more which were all fit and saleable, because all conformed to the unchangeable type towards which skill was striving before America had been heard of. It is hard to conceive a stronger proof of the existence of technique in shovelling and digging.

Of the technique which goes with hoeing the evidence is delightfully different. Spades may be best made at Chicago or at Birmingham, because the unwieldy iron and steel of them can be more finely forged by steam-hammers than by the village smith. But a hoe, being smaller, lighter, altogether more manageable, may be made by any blacksmith worth his salt. Consequently, although machine-made hoes are to be had cheap at any ironmonger's shop, the hand-made article holds its own in the market. For it would appear that a hoe is a more delicate instrument than a casual observer might suppose. For instance, the tool with which one man may do excellent work does not always suit another equally capable man, even on the same soil, until the adjustment of the handle in the socket has been al-

tered. The soil, again, may necessitate a more radical change in the tool, beyond the hoer's power to effect; and this is where the local smith comes in, providing the hoe generally found most serviceable in his district. Not many years ago, the West Surrey laborer in want of a good hoe preferred one made by a certain blacksmith in Farnham, who knew better than can be known at Birmingham what was likely to be useful in his district. For wearing thin and true, and for convenient "set" at the neck, this man's hoes in his best days could not be surpassed; but at the present time the really desirable hoes for the same country come from a smithy at Milford, near Godalming. And these are so generally approved that farmers for miles round lay in a stock of them to sell to their men, who, veritable connoisseurs, will sooner pay their employer for a Milford hoe than go to a shop for a less useful though perhaps a cheaper tool. Yet near Aldershot, and therefore practically in the same neighborhood, there are places where the Milford hoe is found unsuitable to certain peculiarities of the soil, and in these places the preferred pattern is one obtained at Guildford. In view of all this, it cannot be necessary to insist further upon the fineness of the technique of hoeing. The fact that businesses thrive by supplying its demands places its existence beyond a doubt. Actually there is money in the recognition of it.

Indeed, in these local reputations for the make of certain tools we tap another source of evidence, if more evidence were needed, of the great technical accomplishments of our laboring folk. Though less often now than of old, yet still in sequestered villages, in workshops never heard of by technical educators, good workmen win, not to publicity perhaps, but to a curious fame amongst other working-men,



for their known ability in making beautiful or fit tools. The present writer remembers a blacksmith in a village too small to afford the man more than half a living, who earned the other half by "lining" or repointing with steel the pickaxes and digging-forks brought to him by outside appreciators. And we may recall the noted Pyecombe crooks, mentioned by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in "Rodney Stone." At one time, no South-Down shepherd felt himself properly equipped for his work without a crook from the Pyecombe smithy. Of course no one needs convincing that a shepherd's work is full of minute technicalities—we have read about them in Mr. Hardy's amongst other books: but the tale of human struggle and human skill suggested by a Pyecombe crook, polished bright as silver for a good reason, is one that would surpass all the art of fiction to tell. The temptation is great to go on and speak of a family of smiths, in a village no one ever heard of out of Surrey, whose edged-tools—axes, chisels, planes—were coveted thirty years ago by all wheelwrights and carpenters for miles round: or of a wheelwright not so very far from the same village, whose wagons to-day are in demand from Woking to the Isle of Wight.

Without, however, wandering so far from the peasant laborer, mention may yet be made of other essentially rustic occupations that have their full measure of mystery. Not to speak of sawyers who have almost disappeared before the steam saw—for their exhausting labor in couples impelled them to get drunk singly, and too often on alternate days, to the unbearable annoyance of their employers; or of threshers, whose winter employment has made way for the charms of the steam threshing-machine; or of thatchers, or harvesters, or brick-makers, or quarrymen, there are the "hedgers and

ditchers," whose work is not quite so simple as might be thought. Only the other day a farmer was complaining that, though he could find three months' work for a man at hedging and ditching, he could not find a man able to do the work, which, therefore, would have to be left undone. Again, there are the copse-cutters, too interesting to be quite passed over. According to an old farm-hand, "There's a great deal of art in copsin'. You gets so much a hundred for everything you can save; so a man got to keep his eye on what he got in his hand, to see what he can make of it. There's poles, and bow-shores, and shackles" (listen to the technical words—they relate to hurdle-making and sheep-folding), "and rods, and pea-sticks—everything before the bavin comes; and bavin is the last. You gets so much a hundred for 'em all, and if a man don't make the most of 'em, he may soon throw away a day's earnin'."

To finish, there is the ancient craft of charcoal-burning, carried on mysteriously in remote forest dells, and probably little changed in any of its details since the time of those men who once emerged so strangely from the depths of the New Forest into English history, to pick up the body of a king. In what follows—it is the substance of a conversation on the subject with an old laboring man—two points are worth observing: first, the laborer's interest in a technique admittedly outside his own province; and second, the curious way in which these more recedite traditional crafts grouped families together, linked the generations, and gave characteristics to whole villages. We had been speaking of a man who was "gone down Horsham way, burnin'," and soon it came out that this man's native place was a near village, where, a generation ago, half the people had the same surname as his, and all of that name were char-

coal-burners. "A rare payin' job," the laborer called it. He had "knowed old Jack say at the end of a season that he'd saved a tea-pot full o' sovereigns" from charcoal-burning. "One o' these brown tea-pots—you knows. 'Twas piece-work—so much a settin'. I remember once old So-and-So got me to go burnin' with 'n down at Culverley for a week. And we burnt six settin's that week. He got six or seven—seven or eight pound for it. He paid *me* thirty shillin's—*me*, a mere unskilled helper.

"It's night an' day work. You got to keep goin' round the fires at night, 'r else p'r'aps they'd blow or something go wrong." So, lest a wind should rise in the night—the softest breeze through the woods—and set the fire "blowing" or flaring, there must be watch kept, and a shovel handy for throwing up earth.

But it is not a job to be undertaken without training. The laborer continued, "I never knowed anybody but them of that name do it about here. Now and again one 'd go 'long with 'em, same as me that time; but that was only laborin'. There was old Rubber, we used to call 'n, what had a little hop-ground . . . he said one year he'd burn his charcoal hisself. He didn't see why he should pay they so much for doin' of it." Accordingly he started,

but "Sonny—'s wife was goin' along by, and she says, 'There's something wrong with that pit. I en't a charcoal-burner,' she says, 'but I sleeps with one, and I knows enough to know there's something wrong.' And sure enough, the unlucky Rubber's pit "blowed. Flames went up as high as your head," converting a good charcoal setting into a mere wasteful bonfire.

It is interesting to note the ignorance which "Sonny's wife" owned to, in spite of her exceptional opportunities for learning; but more interesting still is her partial initiation into the mysteries of the craft, obtained doubtless by practical experience "I've seen the wives out with their husbands," the laborer said, "wheelin' the timber to the pits;" and perhaps Sonny's wife had done a laborer's part in that way. At any rate, the burning pit, that gave no warning to the inexpert, had a message for her more practised senses, in whose increased vitality one perceives the beginnings of a technique.

Commenting on the hapless Rubber's misfortune, the laborer had one remark too sensible to be forgotten: indeed, it may be commended to technical educators as a maxim worthy of their consideration: "If you don't know what you be up to, you'll get wrong with it."

*George Bourne.*

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

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### LORD SALISBURY.

The late Marquess of Salisbury has been called, not very happily, the Last of the Tories. It might be nearer to truth to say that he was the Last of the Whigs. As we look back upon his career, we are reminded of those dignified aristocrats who ruled England

under the ægis of the "great houses," and from the vantage ground of a family "connection." He belongs to the line of the Saviles, the Pelhams, the Temples, the Rockinghams, the Greys, the Lansdownes, and the Russells, who were the members, as it seemed, by right

of birth and station, of a lofty governing oligarchy, which did much to justify its position by high talent, conscientious integrity, and an earnest sense of public responsibility. And it may be that this dynasty of *grands seigneurs*, who under one party name or the other have so often guided the destinies of the Empire, has come to its close with the first Prime Minister of King Edward's reign. It does not seem likely that the Premiership, unless the political complications of the immediate future should drift into that office the Duke of Devonshire or Earl Spencer, will ever again be held by a man without a great popular following, and without a genuine hold upon the imagination, or at any rate, the prejudices of the electorate.

Lord Salisbury did not attain to high office in virtue of such qualifications, any more than Melbourne, Aberdeen, and the fourteenth Earl of Derby; and like these earlier Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria's reign, he cannot be said to have been called to the supreme post by the verdict of "the People." The voice of the constituencies had not marked him out for election, when the death of Lord Beaconsfield, the activity of Lord Randolph Churchill, and the eclipse of Sir Stafford Northcote placed him in command of the Conservative camp. He had risen in the same way as the great aristocratic politicians, with whom in this respect he is compared. Introduced at an early age to the House of Commons, he gained a reputation in that assembly for capacity and knowledge of affairs. There are men—and it would be easy to point to examples in the present Legislature—who inspire the House with confidence and respect, though on the larger public outside they make very little impression. Lord Cranbourne, in the 'sixties, was one of these. To the shrewd observers of the London *salons* and political *coteries*,

it seemed natural enough that, at six-and-thirty, a still untried administrator, he should be asked to join the Derby Cabinet, with the portfolio of the India Office. The nation, the world outside this managing circle, acquiesced, as it always does, in the appointment of Cabinet Ministers, with which, after all, it has nothing to do. It acquiesced also in Lord Salisbury's advancement, in the course of the next few years, to still higher rank in the executive hierarchy, and watched him become in turn Special Envoy to Constantinople in 1876, Foreign Secretary in 1878, Plenipotentiary to the Berlin Congress, and eventually Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury. But one may doubt whether the public at large really began to know him till he was pretty far down into his second Premiership. Perhaps even then they did not know him very well, though in his closing years he was the centre of such reverence and ungrudging regard as is given to few among our statesmen. The Lord of Hatfield, sitting aloof from the turmoil of parties, serene and massive, leaving the House of Commons to jangle, and the platforms to reverberate, while he swayed the balance of Britain's fate with a firm, unerring hand, he was an impressive figure; perhaps the most impressive in Europe since Bismarck. But he had never become interesting, as Mr. Gladstone was, and Lord Beaconsfield, as Mr. Chamberlain is, as Lord Rosebery might be, if he chose.

His last illness, his death, attracted singularly little attention, even in these journalistic days. The newspapers paid their perfunctory "tributes"; the public remained, I fear, indifferent. A few years ago a young poet and novelist, the writer of some stirring verses, some striking stories, fell ill at a New York hotel. The Anglo-Saxon world watched by his bedside. The cables throbbed with the latest news of his

sickness. Men asked each other in railway-carriages and tramcars how "he" was, and discussed the medical bulletins with unaffected concern. One did not detect any sign of this popular interest when Lord Salisbury was lying on his death-bed. They held a service in honor of Lord Salisbury on the last day of last month, and it passed almost unnoticed. There was no crowding, no throng of eager sight-seers, outside Westminster Abbey; a few policemen were dotted about the precincts, but they were scarcely needed. Indifferently the passers-by on foot, or on the roofs of omnibuses, turned their heads as the solemn note of the bell crossed the rattle of Victoria Street, and now and again some faint strain of Schubert or Chopin was wafted through the windows of the great Minster. But men and women went by upon their own occasions, casual, inattentive, not pausing to remember that here was a solemn ceremony in memory of one who had been a Prince among his peers, who had sat in council with Emperors and Kings, who had swayed the destinies of a quarter of the human race, and had gone to his rest after being three times Prime Minister of England. *Sic transit gloria.* The text is an old one; but it is not quite the moral of this case. It was clear that in our age of gossip, so eager for the concrete, so keen after the "personal note," the individuality of the dead statesman had never stamped itself upon the public consciousness. He was a great abstraction, an embodiment of power, of dignity, of political virtue; not a man to be talked about and known.

To a large extent this feeling, or absence of feeling, on the part of the public, was of his own creation. He did not seek popularity, and may even be said to have taken some pains to

avoid it. A reserved man, very proud, shy, sensitive, and self-contained, he shrank from that blaze of vulgar illumination, under which it is now the fashion for anybody, who is at all eminent or distinguished, to pass his life. He did none of the things which commend a statesman to the attention of a discriminating democracy and those who minister to its tastes. He must have been the despair of the paragraphists, who, in the end, were compelled to leave him alone for sheer lack of matter. He did not own race-horses, like one eminent contemporary, or grow orchids like another, or cut down trees, or play golf, or ride the bicycle, or, so far as was known, indulge in any kind of active sport, amusement, or recreation whatsoever; nor did he write novels, or Essays on Philosophic Doubt, or magazine articles on the classics and theology, or agreeable monographs on English statesmen, and "readable" accounts of the Last Phase of Napoleon. He spent many hours in his library and his laboratory; but he never published a book. It was characteristic of him that even in his earlier days of literary activity, he wrote nothing under his own name. His forcible, closely-reasoned essays were buried anonymously in the pages of the *Quarterly*, or the "leader" columns of daily and weekly newspapers. He is understood to have pondered deeply over some problems in chemistry and physics; but the public knew nothing of his researches, for he kept the results to himself.<sup>1</sup> Nor had he any taste or desire for miscellaneous social intercourse. He cared neither for the club nor the *salon*, and the "smart society" of London knew nothing of him. He had none of Mr. Gladstone's versatile interest in men and things, and his viridescent delight in the passing show of life, his short-

<sup>1</sup> The exception to this general statement is his Presidential Address at the British Association

tion, which was republished under the title of "Evolution, a Retrospect," in 1894.

lived, changing, enthusiasms. One could not conceive of him sitting down to write a letter of compliment to the last new lady novelist, or plunging into public controversy with a Professor of Biology.

His circle of friends was limited and select, and he did not seek to enlarge it; and even from the men who might have been regarded as his political associates he held himself apart. It was said that he did not know all the members of his own Ministry by sight, and sometimes had to ask their names when they saluted him in any public place. In all these traits, and habits, and inclinations, he was strangely out of touch with an age which has a most valet-like inquisitiveness over all the minor doings of "great people," and looks upon its heroes chiefly as material for attractive gossip. But nobody could gossip about Salisbury. You might as well have tried to joke over the Binomial Theorem. This reserve made him respected, and gave him a reputation, perhaps even beyond his deserts, for self-contained force and silent resolution. One was sometimes reminded of Sheridan's irreverent treatment of Lord Salisbury's most famous ancestor. With Mr. Puff in *The Critic*, the public may have felt that "a minister in his situation with the whole affairs of the nation on his head," could not be expected to find time to mix much with other people. "Burleigh comes forward, shakes his head, and exit." Impressive, undoubtedly, was the occasional emergence of the shrouded figure, to "shake his head," with a trenchant speech on the platform, or in the Senate, only to retire to his State-papers, or behind the guarded gates of Hatfield, where even the society journalist could not follow him. A great Whig noble, in short, who had brought down the reticent eighteenth century traditions to the age of the

German Emperor, of President Roosevelt, of Mr. Chamberlain.

The truth is that Lord Salisbury was essentially an aristocratic statesman. By this it is not meant that he had any undue preference for his own order, or was imbued with the vulgar pride of rank or birth. From the kind of snobbishness, which is not limited to social aspirants and *nouveaux riches*, but often goes with the oldest lineage, he was absolutely without a trace. His habits were simple, his dress was careless, his manner, in private life, was unassuming. He showed no consciousness, and very likely he had none, of those differences in "position," which count for so much in our English society, and which were always rather acutely present to the minds of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone. He treated a marquess in the same fashion as he treated a curate or a clerk in the Treasury, with the same modest reserve, the same absence of *hauteur*. His aristocracy was that of the intellect and the temper. His mind was constitutionally incapable of understanding the prejudices, the passions, the loose opinions, of the common run of men and women. When he approached a great question it was in the spirit with which he encountered some problem of chemical electricity in his laboratory. He made his appeal to instructed reasoning, and to the finished mental processes of penetrating logicians like himself. To the sentiments, the impulses, which sway the masses, he was curiously blind. He came near to being a great orator: at least, he had many of the qualities which belong to that character. He had wit, and readiness, and fluency, a commanding presence, an imposing delivery, a keen sense of style, an apt mastery of epigram, argument and retort. But he lacked the sympathetic instincts which, for the public speaker, are greater than these. With all his



gifts he was less effective on the platform than many a smaller man. Except on some rare occasions, as at the famous Opera House meeting in 1886, when he was roused beyond himself, he seemed out of touch with his audience. He was destitute of the histrionic elasticity which made Mr. Gladstone as much at home with a mob of dockyard laborers on Blackheath as he was with the *blasé* critics of the House of Commons. The popular orator is "near akin" to the actor; but the temperament of the stage was not given to Lord Salisbury. He lectured a crowd of workmen or small shopkeepers with a professional aloofness and a dignified unconsciousness of their special characteristics. The admirable analysis, the cutting phrases, delighted the judicious reader of the next day's newspapers. But at the moment of delivery they too often fell flat, or were received with a murmur of half-bewildered appreciation.

He had an odd habit of thinking aloud in his speeches. With his facts well arranged in his mind beforehand, he could speak without references or notes. The words came to him as he went on, and often the ideas. And if a sudden thought struck him, he would sometimes pursue it to the conclusion which suggested itself to his trenchant, satirical intellect, as he might have done—and in that case with impunity—in conversation with intimate friends round his dining-table at Hatfield. I think that this trait, much more than any natural impulsiveness of temperament, accounts for those occasional "blazing indiscretions," those "gibes, and flouts, and jeers," of which so much was made. His emotions did not run away with him; but sometimes his sense of logic did, and his artistic enjoyment of remorseless paradox and pungent epigram phrase. It is a perilous talent, and has led men, with more popular

instincts than Lord Salisbury, to dangerous blunders; as when Lord Beaconsfield, in the midst of the Bulgarian atrocities agitation of 1876, allowed himself to slide into that celebrated sentence, which did him as much harm as anything he ever said:—

The Turks do not often resort to torture, but generally terminate their connection with culprits in a more expeditious manner.

It was the ill-timed flippancy of a caustic man of the world—the affectation of treating serious topics lightly, that is current in "Society." If it had been said in the right *milieu* and at the right time, it would not have occurred to any one to accuse the speaker of undue levity or a callous disregard of suffering. But Disraeli had forgotten that the audience he addressed was only a fragment of the great British public, which at the moment was passing through an emotional crisis, and was pulsing with religious indignation. To a good half of the nation, to tens of thousands of earnest church-going and chapel-going men and women, the jest so lightly uttered was an unforgivable offence, a vivid proof that its author was a heartless cynic, wanting the common feelings of humanity.

Lord Salisbury, at any rate, was no cynic, if by that term is meant a soured materialist, who believes that human conduct is directed mainly by motives of self-interest and self-indulgence. He was neither misanthropic nor morose, but on the contrary a deeply devout man, who had faith, not only in the moral ordering of the universe, but in the instincts and character of his countrymen. But he surveyed public affairs without illusions. In private life kindly, affectionate, genial, even cheerful, Lord Salisbury was in politics a contented and philosophical pessimist. He acquiesced with a large tolerance in the imperfections of an

imperfect world. He took the view, which is not easily disputed, that the scheme of things is very badly arranged and exhibits numerous inexplicable deficiencies. As most of these cannot be amended, it is best to accept them, and make due allowance for their operation in the management of affairs. If you ignore them, you will certainly go wrong; if you endeavor to remove them altogether, you will probably do more harm than good. In this he was at the opposite pole of feeling from the Radicals and Liberals of his earlier days. The old-fashioned reformers of the great progressive era had before them an ideal of perfection, which could be realized by political and economic changes. The world was out of joint it is true, though chiefly through the errors of sovereigns, ministers, and aristocratic rulers, in the past; but Parliament and a free Press, aided by popular enlightenment and Mechanics' Institutes, could put it right. These sanguine mellorists held that there was no abuse which would not be rooted out, no public evil which might not be abolished. Lord Salisbury, whose hobby was science, had no sympathy with this romance of the future. He thought there were many things that were not susceptible of improvement, and was satisfied with the fabric of institutions, and the balance of powers and interests, which had been arranged by Nature, or slowly evolved through the ages. Society, as constituted in nineteenth-century England had undoubtedly its defects; but it also had its advantages, and a wise man would put up with the one for the sake of the other, instead of worrying himself over the unattainable. It may be that circumstances, as much as temperament, were responsible for this intelligent Toryism in the case of the late Prime Minister. If a man has been born in the innermost circle of a privileged caste, if for the greater part

of his life he has all that the millions of other men hopelessly desire, if he has wealth, high station, splendid estates, a palace to live in, the best of society to choose from, books, pictures, leisure and the other delectable things that money can purchase, and in addition a superior intellect, personal dignity, domestic comfort, and the enjoyment of the family affections—if all these are given unto him, he may be excused for finding the world a very tolerable place in despite of its obvious blemishes. Insensibly a man is conditioned by his "environment." It would be strange indeed if a Cecil or a Cavendish should find himself ravaged by consuming passion for radical change.

With this view of things, Lord Salisbury could hardly be a constructive statesman. He was less a reformer than a critic. The latter rôle suited his analytical tastes, his caustic and penetrating style, and the bent of his intellect, which in its essence was judicial and argumentative, rather than practical and direct. If he had been on the Bench, he would have made a great judge, though it may be that his expositions and his *obiter dicta* would have gained him more admiration than his decisions. In the old days of the unreformed Court of Chancery there were famous Chancellors, like Eldon, who grew so fond of a tangled case, that they pondered and refined over it for years before they could deliver their judgments. Lord Salisbury had a good deal of this analyzing and casuistical temper, which, when carried to excess, is a disadvantage in the conduct of affairs. He saw both sides of a question, and preferred to brood over their weak points, instead of cutting through them with some roughly effective solution. There are many keen and searching passages in his speeches in which defects of existing institutions and practices are ex-

posed. Such, for instance, are his occasional references to our fiscal system. Lord Salisbury always professed to be a Free Trader, but he declined to accept the Peelite legislation as a religion, and maintained that "the Holy Doctrine of Free Trade" had no claim to an infallible orthodoxy. His satire was at its best when he was bantering the economical pontificate, especially when it was regarded as the special heritage of the Liberal Party:—

Political economy is an oracle whose utterances we profoundly respect; but which, like a certain oracle of old, is apt to suit its utterances to the wishes of those who have the guardianship of it for the time being. On a certain occasion, when the Delphic oracle was in the power of the Macedonian Army, its utterances were said to be "Philippized," and I am afraid that the utterances of political economy nowadays are only too apt to be "Gladstonized." When I first entered Parliament, it used to be regarded as an axiom that commercial treaties were founded on erroneous and unsound principles, and could not be for the benefit of the countries entering into them. Circumstances, however, have changed; political economy has reviewed its doctrines, and commercial treaties are regarded as the most orthodox things imaginable. Spain, let us say, treats our manufactures very badly, and excludes them, while she admits the manufactures of other countries. If we were able to say to her, "If you continue in that course we shall be obliged to raise the duty on your wines," it is very possible that after a little time a new light might break in upon her reflections. But we cannot do it because retaliation is a mortal sin under this doctrine of Free Trade.

He evidently enjoyed the task of disconcerting unthinking enthusiasts by showing that Free Trade at home had given us no power to secure open markets abroad. He could always supply an "hypothetical illustration" of the manner in which our commercial diplomacy was filtered by the liberality of

our tariff arrangements. "Away with Free Trade," then, might be the hasty deduction of some more impatient statesman. It was an inference Lord Salisbury never drew. He remained a Free Trader to the end, and I have no doubt the common report is correct, which represents him, in the last months of his life, as deeply concerned and alarmed by Mr. Chamberlain's sudden counter-march. Nor, though he sometimes talked Retaliation, did he ever make an attempt to carry that policy into effect. Theoretically, and as a matter of argument, he could see the weak places of our fiscal method. But to remedy it by a kind of economic revolution was the last thing that could commend itself to his cautious and conservative temperament. He knew that there are many things, in the abstract far from perfect, which yet cannot be altered without injury. A wise man amuses himself by explaining their deficiencies; and puts up with them.

He had much the same conception of the British constitution. Here his attitude was essentially Whiggish. I do not think he could ever have held Burke's touching belief in the beauty and symmetry of the odd compromise, which evolved itself out of the historical accidents and the party struggles of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The English Parliamentary system did not excite his reverence. He was conscious that it often worked badly, that it was an extremely cumbersome instrument of administration; and he found a gloomy satisfaction in explaining that under it a Ministry could hardly be expected to maintain our defensive armaments in a condition of genuine efficiency. But such as it was, we had it, and must contrive to manage our business by its agency—not perhaps as well as we should like, but better than we should do if we embarked on violent changes. The

party system was of course quite irrational in substance and logically indefensible. But there it is, and we are so situated that the Cabinet machine will not work without it. So the prudent statesman accepts it, with a clear understanding of the "swing of the pendulum," and a frank recognition of the fact that whatever he does, or leaves undone, the fickle democracy is sure to turn him out of office in due course and put his rivals in. If you take that view, there is undoubtedly a certain temptation to which it seemed sometimes as if Lord Salisbury had succumbed, to pass to the further deduction that real success, either personal or political, is scarcely worth striving for. You are doing necessarily imperfect work, with inadequate tools, and you are bound, sooner or later, to suffer defeat. Under such conditions, a strictly moderate level of achievement is all you can hope to attain. It is a philosophical, and perhaps in essence a scientific, doctrine which protects those who hold it from illusion and disappointment. But it is not so inspiring as that more artistic, and possibly therefore more erroneous, formula, which declares that "not failure but low aim is crime," in the life of men and nations.

To these characteristics and predispositions must, no doubt, be attributed a certain carelessness on Lord Salisbury's part in the selection of his political associates and subordinates, to which the ugly name of nepotism was sometimes given. It cannot be denied that he exhibited an undue indulgence for respectable mediocrity, and that he was far from diligent in his search for talent, nor did he always appear to regard merit and force of character as necessary qualifications for high office, or for public honors. He officered his Ministries much too largely with well-born place-men, veteran party hacks, and his own relatives. There were

several conspicuously weak places in his Administrations of 1886 and 1895; and matters were not mended when he threw away the opportunity, afforded by the last general election, to give promotion to a further contingent from the "Hotel Cecil." To a country which was beginning to clamor for efficiency, and was indeed badly feeling the need of that quality, this was disappointing. Yet one can hardly suppose that Lord Salisbury's appointments were due to the unworthy motive of providing his family and friends with good posts at the public expense. Nor must it be forgotten that an English Premier must always find it extremely difficult to confine his ministerial appointments to men of exceptional ability. He does not know where to look for those capable men of business, those born administrators whose services would be so valuable. In practice his choice is limited to a very restricted circle, composed as it is of the members of his own party, in the two Houses, who have gained a certain reputation in those assemblies. Eliminate a few commanding figures, whose "claims" to office cannot be repudiated, and most of these aspirants are much on a level. As A. is neither much better nor much worse than B., and either would do reasonably well, the harassed Cabinet-maker naturally selects the one who is personally known to himself, or to his sons or brothers, or to the little court of intimate acquaintances who have his private ear. In the case of Lord Salisbury, there was a special temptation to adopt this easy solution of the difficulty, since he lived so much apart from general society, and gave himself few opportunities of gauging the calibre of the younger rising men. Nor, again, must it be overlooked that there is a tradition—a very bad tradition—according to which a politician who has once held "Cabinet rank" has a

kind of prescriptive title to a portfolio, whenever his side comes into power. Lord Palmerston said that nothing is harder than getting a new man into the Cabinet except keeping out a man who has once been there. Lord Salisbury's sense of party loyalty did not permit him to overlook these considerations. Perhaps he might have made some effort to do so, if he had been possessed with a more fervent belief in the efficacy of political and administrative action. But a conviction of the mediocrity of things is easily reconciled with an acquiescence in the mediocrity of men. So he enlarged the size of his Cabinets, and contentedly tolerated the continuance in office of various second-rate Ministers, who could have had no great influence on the conduct of affairs. They were left to manage or mismanage their departments, while the direction of policy was kept in the hands of an Inner Cabinet, consisting of Lord Salisbury himself, and the four or five confidential and important colleagues by whose opinions he was really guided.

It would, however, be very unjust to represent Lord Salisbury's attitude in domestic politics as that of mere negation. He objected to "heroic legislation," and constant tampering with the mechanism of Government,<sup>2</sup> but he held that to frame well-devised measures of social reform was the proper object of Parliamentary action. He held, also, that while the Liberals were occupied with ambitious and hazardous, political changes, the Conservatives should specially devote them-

selves to improving the condition of the people. Hence his interest in the Housing Acts, in sanitation, and in industrial regulation. He urged his party to return to the excellent tradition of the time when Lord Ashley was able to carry the Factory Acts in the teeth of the opposition of Radical "reformers." In 1887 he asked whether the question of the unemployed was not worth a good deal more attention than politicians had been inclined to bestow upon it. "You know how the difficulty of the unemployed is rising; in the south there are vast masses of men who have no evil will, against whom no harm can be stated, who have only this one wish, this one demand—that the labor which they are prepared to give should be accepted, and bare sustenance given them in place of it. Is that no subject for the consideration of Parliament? Is it not more important than these organic questions on which we have spent so much time? Is it not more important that we should save men, well-to-do men from ruin, and working men from starvation, instead of bringing forward measures whose only effect can be to hound class against class and creed against creed?" He was even assailed with the imputation of "Socialism," which is commonly flung at anybody who endeavors to deal with social wrongs in earnest. It was an absurd charge in Lord Salisbury's case, but he met it frankly. "Do not tell me," he said, "that these are Socialistic sentiments. Nothing would induce me to adopt the Socialist remedies, but the socialistic cries

<sup>2</sup> "The last forty years have brought us such an evil habit of believing that organic change is a necessary function of Parliament, that if the year has gone by, and nobody is despoiled and no institution is smashed, we say the Session has been wasted. Unless I mis-read the signs of the times, the feeling of the country is that this heroic legislation must now cease. . . . My lords and gentlemen, the processes of destruction are in their nature irrevocable. You can no more set on foot an institution which has been cast down, than you can raise the dead. The continuity of existence is

broken, and the conditions that cling round it are dissipated. Its power for good is gone. It may be in the power of future Parliaments in some degree to repair the evil, but they never can recall the past. This, at least, they can do. They can put a stop to the further progress of assaulting interests for the purpose of showing the industry of Parliament. They may—and I believe that is the policy they ought to pursue—they may return to the paths of conciliatory legislation."—Speech at Hertford, October 17, 1873.



convince me that there is an evil, and that Parliament is deeply responsible for not giving its whole time to it." His attitude towards the "masses" was manly as well as humane. He refused to flatter the working-men, or even to consider them as a class apart from the rest of the population. In one of the brilliant speeches by which he established his reputation, in the debates on Mr. Gladstone's Reform Bill of 1866, he deprecated the adulation of "the future sovereign," who was expected to be "the great power in the State against which no other power will be able to stand":—

My own feeling with respect to the working men is simply this, that we have heard a great deal too much of them, as if they were different from other Englishmen. I do not understand why the nature of the poor or working men in this country should be different from that of other Englishmen. They spring from the same race; they live under the same climate; they are brought up under the same laws; they aspire after the same historical model which we admire ourselves; and I cannot understand why this nature is to be thought better or worse than that of other classes.

This sane and straightforward remonstrance is worth quoting to-day, when "Labor" is more than ever inclined to regard itself as a distinct caste, and to separate itself, for political purposes at any rate, from the rest of the community.

So far nothing has been said of Lord Salisbury as Foreign Minister; and it is difficult to say much since the detailed history of the fruitful years he passed in Downing Street can hardly be known to the world till the records of the European Chancelleries and Foreign Offices are laid open. Yet this was by far the most useful and distinguished period of his career, the part that was most congenial to himself, and that gave him his true rank among the

statesmen of Europe. It was a happy turn of fortune which caused Lord Derby to resign the seals in the crisis of the Eastern Question in 1878, and allowed Lord Salisbury to find his true *métier*. At the Foreign Office he was happier and more successful than anywhere else. "It is not fanciful," said the late Mr. H. D. Traill, in his excellent sketch of Lord Salisbury, "to suppose that one of the attractions of the Foreign Office for him is that, of all the departments of the State, it is that to which popular criticism and popular demands have obtained least access, and the Minister in charge of which is least frequently called upon to explain and justify his proceedings before popular audiences. It is possible, even in these democratic days, for a successful and trusted Foreign Secretary to feel something of that proudly inspiriting consciousness of power, and that elevating sense of responsibility which nerved the will, while it steadied the judgment, of the great ministers who have represented this country before the world in historic periods of the past; and one may suspect that it needs some such stimulus to Lord Salisbury's imagination to raise his interest in contemporary politics to the requisite pitch." At any rate, he was distinctly in his element in this office. The quiet, laborious work suited him, and gave full play to his judicial faculty, and his capacity for balancing arguments and alternatives. His calmly scientific outlook on men and things enabled him to keep clear of the sentimental impulses and the sentimental alarms which deflect the course of national policy. The momentary panics and transient enthusiasms passed him by, and no one was more impervious to the sensations of the platform and the newspapers. When one set of Imperialists had worked themselves into a panic over French acquisitions in the Sahara, he

reminded them that the new territory included a good deal of "rather light soil"; when others were taunted with a vision of the Cossacks on the Indus, he advised them to consult some "large maps"; when, more recently, there was much sensitiveness about Chinese railway concessions, he observed that it would take some time before the railways could be built.

In the great critical situations in which he found himself, he retained his deliberate self-possession, and refused to be hurried either into surrender or menace. He was accused of being unduly prone to a bargaining agreement with a foreign Government, and sometimes, as in East Central Africa, in Siam, and perhaps in the Far East, it was said that he had yielded more than the occasion required. That is an imputation which it is really impossible to deal with, in the present state of our knowledge of contemporary diplomacy; for we cannot tell what difficulties he had to encounter from the movements and combinations of the great European Powers, and how often concessions, which seemed on the surface doubtful, were more than justified by the necessities of the hour. What we do know is that in certain threatening emergencies he showed no lack of either judgment or firmness. He steered calmly through the Venezuela storm of 1895-96, and so handled it that the foundation was laid of a better understanding between Great Britain and the United States than had subsisted since the American Revolution. That alone was an achievement by which the whole Anglo-Saxon world was placed under an enduring obligation to him. He took the measure of Teutonic assumption at the time of the Jameson Raid, and of Gallic excitement over Fashoda, and brought both quietly to their bearings. But the highest of his services was to regain for English foreign policy, in a

time of peculiar stress and difficulty, its reputation for steady consistency, which had been almost lost during the unfortunate period of Gladstonian rule. It was a consistency which found its basis in an equitable regard for British interests. His conception of the motives which should animate an English Minister was laid down in a speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet in 1876, at a moment when the country was agitated by reports of Turkish cruelty in the Balkans. "Those who are in office," he said, "have their feelings like other men, but they hold the resources of England not as owners, but as trustees. An owner may do what he likes, looking to his sympathies, his anxieties, and his wishes; but a trustee must act according to the strict rights and interests committed to his charge. These are the sentiments which must guide the Government in dealing with the difficult and painful task before them. We do not believe that in the long run the sentiments which are natural to the people of this country will be found at variance with the duties which policy imposes upon us. We believe that if we uphold the rights and interests of England, and adhere to the treaties by which England is bound, and look upon that course as the first and chief of those duties prescribed to us, we shall thereby be doing the utmost that in us lies to maintain the interests of peace, humanity, and civilization." Fortunate for the country it was that during the last few years of world-wide change and movement, its affairs have been directed by a statesman animated by that sound doctrine, and able to carry it into effect. When the true history of our epoch can be written it may be seen how much England, and the wider world outside, owed to the steadying influence, which was withdrawn from our politics before the Coronation of King Edward VII.

## TATA.\*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN AICARD.

## VI. THE SECRET OF ADELE AND OF THERESON.

"Listen, Bounaud," Thérèse would often say, now she had become a trifle bolder, "the main thing is that you never mortgage the house. Mortgage means ruin."

Bounaud did not know all the causes of his wife's uneasiness. There was a secret which the poor woman would have liked, had it been possible, to keep forever hidden, and it was this. The day but one before he went back to Paris, Pierre, terrified by the thought of the army of creditors who would meet him there, had begged his mother to find him ten thousand francs. He had, so he told her, an enormous debt of honor; and he did not want to diminish by this sum the credit which his father had opened for him, and which was to be exclusively devoted to ensuring the success of his opera.

The poor woman, without an instant's reflection, as though she had been obeying one of her husband's own commands, gave Pierre the ten thousand francs and then, aghast at her own weakness, ran weeping to her daughter and handed over to her what remained of her dowry.

"Forgive me," she implored in a voice broken with sobs, "it was for him that I robbed you. Forgive me!"

Adèle smiled comfortingly, and reassured her mother. "You did quite right, mother dear! I should have done just the same. One should always pay one's debts."

The next day Adèle was herself entreated by her brother to get another

ten thousand francs out of his parents, and she at last gave him the sum herself, explaining at the same time how she happened to be in possession of a like amount.

Their interview had taken place in Adèle's bedroom. Summoned at that moment by their father, she left Pierre alone, and the unhappy boy, tempted by the sight of the open desk, and the half-shut drawer, had helped himself to another ten thousand francs. He resolved to lose no time in explaining to his sister all about this forced loan, and begging her never to mention the matter to her father. It seemed the simplest thing. Just as they were all starting to go with him to the diligence, "By the way, Tata dear," said he, "I've a confession to make! I did not quite dare acknowledge, even to you that I could not meet my obligations with what I had borrowed of the mother and you. So yesterday, when it came over me that I needed more money, I was tempted, when I was alone there in your room, just to borrow another ten thousand francs of you without saying a word. 'I'll tell her later,' I said to myself, and I have them here. Your desk and your drawer were open. Anyway, I've got them. With this addition I shall be able to pay all my debts. Speak low! I don't wish our father to hear."

"You did wrong," said Tata, with angelic simplicity, "to distrust me. That makes me feel badly. You distrusted your sister, and it made you do something for which others might blame you."

Pierre was astounded by her tranquillity; her invincible sweetness. "Nobody will know anything about it

\*Translated for The Living Age.

if you don't tell," said he, and the thought flashed through his mind, "What does she know of the value of money?"

Their mother, who had been watching them as they talked, now drew near. They had reached the Haymarket and the coach office, and Bonnaud was chatting with the driver, questioning him about the projected line of railway from Marseilles to Toulon. The diligence people understood only too well about the course of events which was ruining their industry.

"I must tell mamma," said Tata, in conclusion. "She absolutely must know. The day will come when I shall be asked to produce that money. I told you that it was my dowry. That is why I have the right to dispose of it. But I cannot do so without at least telling mamma!"

"That's true, it is your dowry. I forgot that," said Pierre. "But I will restore it to you, dear sister, a hundredfold," and he spoke in all good faith.

Adèle went straight to her mother, and "Mamma," she said, "Pierre needs ten thousand francs more, the last, so as to be able to pay off all his debts at once, as soon as he gets back to Paris."

"More!" ejaculated Thérèse, turning pale, "Ten thousand more!"

"And I've given them to him," Adèle went on. "I wished you to know."

Pierre had for once an honorable impulse.

"The truth is, mother, that being perfectly certain that she would give them to me, I took them when Adèle was out of the room. I have just told her, and she says that I am quite welcome to them. I promise you, as I have promised her, to give you back a hundredfold the thirty thousand francs which you have lent me, and which will be my salvation."

A shiver ran through the mother's

heart, for it was her daughter who had been robbed. She raised her eyes to heaven in poignant anguish, while Pierre hurried to her side and folded her in his arms. His action awakened no surprise in the minds of the bystanders upon this place of many partings, and low in her ear he murmured: "She has forgiven me, and you must forgive me too."

With the arms of her adored son about her, the poor woman lacked the strength to utter a single word of blame: "It was her dowry—God help you both," said she.

And once more they saw upon her trembling lips that smile of anguish which seemed so peculiarly her own.

"You won't tell papa?"

"Heaven forbid! He would kill us," exclaimed Thérèse involuntarily.

It was in this wise that the two women had promised silence and had pardoned. But they lived in perpetual dread of being obliged to confess their misfortune. And for this reason they both looked forward with dread to the hour, which yet they desired, when the Pelloquins would wish to fix a date for the marriage. Adèle understood perfectly well that she had compromised her future. However, she believed Marius to be incapable of rejecting her because of any decrease in her fortune. But what would her lover's parents say?

"Ah, well," she reflected gently, "since my first thought of marriage was connected with the help it might be to my parents and my brother, what reason should I have to complain if my brother's interests were to require a sacrifice that would prevent that marriage?" And she formed the secret resolution of trying to make them forget all about her marriage, so that she need not be forced to reveal Pierre's borrowings, her mother's weakness, her own indulgence. "All the same,"

she reflected, "it was papa who set us the example of indulgence."

She was herself a living sacrifice, following the example and precept of that gentle Jesus, whose image she wore upon her breast, hanging from her collar of blue *molré* when she followed the June processions in her costume of *Congréganiste*. She never dreamed of the use which her brother was making of all that money. She thought of nothing but Pierre's glory which was going to give her father such happiness, and she gave herself without reserve. She was a child of light and therefore helpless in this world.

#### VII. "I SHALL BE AN OLD MAID."

In this manner two years passed. The Pelloquins said nothing; the elder Pelloquin knew perfectly well that ruin had entered the house of Bounaud on the day when the imprudent father had announced that he had opened for his son that credit of fifty thousand francs. From that day forth, for all the close watch that Bounaud kept over his looks and actions, he could not avoid betraying that something was wrong. A certain constraint now existed between the Pelloquins and the Bounauds. Intercourse between the two families had become rare. Moreover,—and this Bounaud could not understand—Adèle seemed more anxious even than Marius to avoid a meeting. If an expedition were proposed to Notre-Dame-du-Mai, or a sail in the harbor on some fine summer's evening, it would be she who would make haste to say: "No, not to-night. I have something else that I must do."

Mme. Bounaud alone understood Tata, and the kisses grew ever more tender which she used to press upon her daughter's brow, the while, unseen of her, she raised to heaven her own look of mute distress.

At last Pelloquin and Bounaud admitted to each other that it was time to fix the date of the wedding; and the next day Bounaud, finding himself alone with Adèle, sprung upon her the serious question: "Do you still love Marius?"

"Just the same, papa."

"Well, the time has come when something must be settled about your marriage."

"There's no hurry, papa."

"What do you mean by *no hurry*? You're not a chicken. And what has become of all your fine resolutions to help us along by marrying a nice young fellow with some business ability? Have you forgotten them? I'm growing old. At last your brother is going to bring out his opera. Suppose he should not succeed? It's just as well to be frank with you; nothing is impossible. He has no lack of jealous rivals. We'd better have your wedding while our hopes are high than wait for a catastrophe."

"Have you some special fear?"

"Oh, no! But I want to provide against all contingencies. I had a talk yesterday with Pelloquin. We're going to bring matters to a crisis at once."

Adèle shivered. "Oh no, papa! Not yet!"

"You are mighty queer! Why not?"

"Let us wait for the success!"

"She is right," cried Thérèse, who had heard their voices and hurried in from her bedroom.

"Oh, but you two are tiresome! Get away, will you, and leave me alone! I'm expecting Pelloquin this minute."

The women gave a cry of consternation.

"Well, what is it now? On my word of honor, women are fools!"

They left the room like two sheep who plunge before the shepherd's crook. When Bounaud was alone he put on his spectacles and re-read, for the twentieth time since the previous



evening, an article in the *Journal des Débats* about his son's piece. This article said:—

In the charming *Théâtre des Récréations Artistiques*, erected by Dufeillard, will shortly take place—the precise date is yet to be determined—a musical performance which will, it is confidently expected, make a great sensation, and which will be largely attended both by the fashionable and the artistic world of Paris. Our readers may remember the great enthusiasm with which an opera called *Belcolor*, the work of a young composer, was received some three years since at the Duchess de Costebelle's. It is this same opera which is now to be brought out at the *Récréations*. The composer has become for the nonce his own manager. He has selected and trained his company himself, and designed the scenery which is being prepared by our most competent artists. The author has risked a fortune on his enterprise, which is certain to arouse great interest. But only a millionaire can afford himself this kind of amusement.

Bounaud heaved a great sigh, took off his spectacles and carefully refolded the paper before putting it again in his pocket. A terrible pang was clutching at his throat. He had had his fears for a long time, but now he knew that the moment of acute crisis was come. The misery he suffered had the force of a presentiment, and its vagueness as well. It was terrible. Strong man that he was, he could not bear to be alone, and called loudly for Adèle.

His daughter came in, leaving the door ajar, while the head of Thérèse appeared at the crack, and then vanished.

"Bring me my snuff-box Adèle!" He pointed, as he spoke, to the box which lay well within reach of his hand; and, as his daughter gave it him, he seized and kissed her, saying brusquely: "You will be our comfort!"

The frightened Thérèse came forward noiselessly. "You wouldn't say that unless some calamity had happened," she cried. "Oh, no! You'd not be singing Adèle's praises if the other hadn't given you a fresh blow." She paused a moment and then reiterated with deep conviction: "You kissed Adèle! Something dreadful must have happened!"

A sudden thought struck her, and fixing a straight and steady gaze full in her husband's eyes, which fell before her, "The house is mortgaged, Bounaud!" she said aggressively. This approach to a revolt on the part of so gentle a creature all but overthrew the Colossus, and he made no reply.

"We are on the eve of that famous representation," he replied, forcing himself to appear calm; "and my nerves are on edge—a little—as you—. That is all. It is quite true," he continued, "that this is our last card. Success will restore our fortunes; failure complete our ruin. To-morrow we shall be either the pride or the laughing-stock of the whole city—But—I feel assured—I still hope—as I have always done."

He became greatly excited. His features worked violently, and his eyes grew very bright, as he resumed:—"It's like the gaming-table; a man looks at his stake, his last stake." He seemed to see with his bodily eyes the progress of a game upon the fatal cloth. "Oh!" cried he with stifled rage, "to think of losing all, or of recovering in one moment, twenty, a hundred times more than one has lost! Do you understand? Isn't that enough to excite a man, I ask you, in heaven's name? I tell you, you feel something there, just at the pit of the stomach—something hot, that positively burns. But I have confidence in his success, every confidence. To lose everything," he repeated yet once again, "or to regain everything!"

The door-bell rang. "That must be Pelloquin," he said. "Bring him in here, and leave us alone. We are going to talk things over and set the day. Go!"

Clinging fast to one another, the two dear creatures went their way. "Come, my daughter," said Thérèse. "Let us

*Les Annales.*

lock ourselves into my chamber where we can cry in peace. Our misfortunes are just beginning, or at least yours are. As for me, I can bear no more. I have lived too long. I am perfectly certain that the house is mortgaged."

"I shall die an old maid," said Adèle to herself as Pelloquin came in.

*(To be continued.)*

### A MICHAELMAS MOVE.

Farmer Preston walked down the muddy little lane which led to his marshes, his head bowed in deep thought. He did not pick his way, but splashed through the slush and pools of water, leaning heavily on his thick ash stick. At the end of the lane he undid a gate and turned across the marsh in the direction of the big black drainage-mill, stopping from time to time to look at the horses and colts which were quietly cropping the grass. Then, taking off his hat, he rattled the head of his stick inside it, making the animals start off in a mad scamper to the far side of the marsh, where they halted all together, heads erect, front feet pawing the ground, snorting defiance, ere they galloped off again, throwing up large clods of turf as they wheeled round and rushed past the farmer.

"Yer a lot o' beauties," he muttered as he walked across the plank which bridged the dyke, out of which the mill was pumping water. A stiff breeze was blowing, and the sails of the mill cut through the air with a musical hum, creaking and groaning as the wind, which came in sudden gusts, caused the pace to increase. The big wheel at the side of the mill was going plug, plug, plug, plug, as it threw into the river gallons of green

water, which foamed and hissed as it poured forth. The mill had been pumping since early morning, and the dike which fed it was nearly empty, and was now giving off that fresh scent of weeds which so closely resembles the smell of cucumber and newly caught fish. As Farmer Preston approached the mill, a man, somewhat past middle age, came out of the door.

"Gude arternoon, sir," he remarked. "Yer ha' been alooken' at th' colts; lor, how they be adoin'; sound every one on 'em, and as nice a lot as yer could come across here, or in any parish for miles round. And th' owd hosses, they ha' done pretty tid'ly since harvest, getten' right fat; yer'll ha' a rare sale, sir."

"Aye, Nockolds, they baint doin' so badly, still they baint fat enow for my liking. Can't have 'em tew fat for a Michaelmas sale. I shall take 'em up inter stalls this week and shove some corn inter 'em."

"Well, sir, I calls 'em a proper lot; all I know is we shan't ha' sich a lot of hosses on th' farm come next Michaelmas, 'tain't so likely; th' new tenant 'on't keep th' class o' mare like yer ha' done ter get th' foals out on. I shall miss 'em, sir; I often cast my eyes over th' beauties when I ha' got a few minutes ter spare and my mill be a

runnen' same as she be now. I ha' often helped one o' th' foals out o' deke when they ha' blundered in. Yer'd ha' lost sev'ral, sir, if my mill hadn't been so gain for me ter keep an eye on 'em. But, there," the man went on, changing his tone to one of sadness, "everything'll be different when yer gone. Whatever can th' landlord be athinken' on, letten' yer give up cos o' spenden' a bit o' money on repairs, I can't fare ter think. That be past my understanden', that be."

Farmer Preston smiled sadly.

"There'll be a lot o' changes, Nockolds, daresay," he said.

"Well, all I hopes be that th' new master 'on't interfere along o' me, and my trawshen<sup>1</sup> engine, and my mill," went on Nockolds. "She's a engine as ain't goin' ter be messed up with a lot o' strange hands; as long as he let me ha' my reg'lar crew she'll go all right. She hain't had narthen' laid out on her since she had a new fire-box eight year ago, 'cept the' cost o' a bit o' paint which I ha' daubed on her. Shouldn't like ter see her get inter strange hands. Still, I hain't got no cause ter fret, cos there bain't no one on this here farm as can work her; don't s'pose as how he'll bring one along o' him?"

Farmer Preston was visibly embarrassed. He kept digging his ash stick into the soft ground as he listened to Nockolds' conversation, making little holes in the turf, which filled with water as he pulled the stick out with a jerk.

"S'pose I shall ha' ter do yer trawshen?" the man continued. "That'll be th' last o' yer and yars," and his eyes filled with tears.

"Well," replied Preston, "that's what I comed down ter see yer about. I happened with Mr. Mackenzie on Norwich Hill a day or tew ago, and I spoke for yer."

<sup>1</sup> Threshing.

"Thank ye, kindly, sir," and Nockolds touched his hat. "Knowed yer'd make that all right for me. I'll look arter yar corn for yer, sir; I 'on't trawsh if they wants straw ever so bad 'less I gets word from yer that I ha' got ter knock it out."

"Hold yer hard and just listen ter what I ha' ter say," interrupted the farmer. "Let me see, I wor sayen' as how I spoke for yer. Well, Mr. Mackenzie, he say ter me as how he bain't goin' ter dew his own trawshen', leastways he ain't goin' ter keep a engine, so he says he shan't require yar sarvices. I be wery, wery sorry, Nockolds," and Preston paused as he noted the look of blank astonishment which spread over the engineman's face. "I spoke up for yer, I did."

"Spoke up for me, did yer? Well, I ha' been engineman along o' yer for nigh on twenty year and never robbed yer of an oat, and yer spoke up for me! Daresay, but yer must *make* him ha' me," said the man defiantly.

"That's more nor I can dew, Nockolds, and yer knows it."

"Blast me, if he ain't goin' ter dew his trawshen' how be he agoen' on about th' grinden'?"

"Don't think he be goin' ter grind much. Yer see, Nockolds, he ain't goen' ter keep th' stock or th' hosses I ha' done, leastways that's what I gather. I s'pose when he ha' a trawsh he'll arrange ter cut enow chaff ter last him for a time and dew th' rest by hand."

"Then what's goin' ter become o' my engine?" said Nockolds sullenly.

"She'll ha' ter go inter sale with th' rest," Preston answered. "I told th' auctioneers yesterday ter put her inter bills."

"Did yer?" said Nockolds, seating himself on the rail by the mill door. "Did yer? Arter twenty year honest sarvice it ha' come to this—my engine ter be put up ter auction for anyone as

likes ter buy and ter run as they thinks proper. Well, I'll be gormed! Why, sir, me and my missus wor asayen' we ha' got ter go through somethen' part-en' from yer, but now they be agoin' to take my engine away, be they, blast." The man spoke with an unsteady voice. "People shouldn't imitate haven' land if they don't study th' rights o' those what ha' been brought up on it," he went on. "Still, they can't take my mill away from me," and Nockolds gazed up at the whirling sails. "She belong ter th' Commissioners, and they 'on't ha' strangers amessen' her about. They know different ter that; they know she be a mill wery apt ter get onter gripe and barn herself down if she bairn't tended on proper. They 'on't tarn me off as if I wor a bit o' casualty."

"Still," replied the farmer, "yer know as well as I dew, Nockolds, yer can't keep yar family on what th' Commissioners allow yer for looken' arter this one mill, and p'raps not haven' ter pump more nor once a month. Besides"—and Preston hesitated—"besides—well—I ha' better out with it—Mr. Mackenzie, he say he must ha' yer cottage."

This piece of information seemed to stagger the engineman. He sat silent for a moment, gazing over the marshes and river with eyes that did not see, then he broke out furiously: "Ha' my cottage; th' cottage my father and mother brought their family up in; th' cottage I wor born in; th' cottage my missus ha' had eight children in; and we ha' been in twenty year and more. Dew yer tell him he'll ha' ter reckon along o' Jim Nockolds afore he ha' it. I'll ha' the law on him, if there be any law for us poor folk. How can I let him ha' th' cottage? How can I move my Mary, with her poor leg and all? She ha' been bedridden ever since she wor a mite o' a child; why, 'twould be th' kill on her ter move her. I tells

yer, master, I ain't agoin', so there 'tis," and the man brought his fist down on the rail on which he was sitting with such force that it cracked.

"Well, I ha' told yer now," said the farmer harshly. "Yer knows I sent yer a paper with th' rest on 'em six months ago ter tell yer yer'd all ha' ter give up yar cottages unless th' new tenant took yer on, and yer'll ha' ter go, Nockolds, so there's no use ataken' on; 'tain't a question o' law. I ha' spoke for yer, and I will agen; I'll dew my best ter get yer a place along o' as gude a master as I ha' been. 'Tain't no use maken' a din about it. Other people ha' had bedridden folk about 'em and ha' moved 'em; yer'll ha' ter dew th' same. I'm wonnerful sorry for yer and for yer poor critter o' a gal; I'm wonnerful sorry for myself that I ha' got ter go; but these here changes will come whether we likes 'em or no."

"Aye, master, but yer goes cos yer chooses, we goes cos we must; there be a sight o' difference," said Nockolds with intense bitterness. Preston did not answer but stepped across the plank bridge and made his way over the marshes to the gate leading into the lane.

The engineman sat staring at the farmer till he was lost to sight. Then he passed his black, oily hand over his forehead and began muttering: "This come o' twenty year honest sarvice; this come o' lookin' arter yar engine and yar mill as if they wor yar own children. Many's th' time my missus ha' mobbed me for worken' over-time o' nights for narten when I ha' been painting and triculating my engine up, and now they be agoin' ter take and sell her without so much 's arsten' o' my leave; putting someone else inter mill what don't know her ways, letten' her get on th' gripe and barnen' o' herself down as likely as not. And then a-tarnen' me and mine out o' my house;

shot out as if we wor muck; poor Mary, tew, who ha' been a-layen' in th' front-room all these years, just able ter tend her flowers on th' winder-sill from her bed; my poor gal, who through all her sufferin' ha' allus kept a cheerful face and never offered no complaint ter th' Almighty or narthen'. Well! I ha' had my ups and downs, but never narthen' like this; it dew fare hard ter me ter ha' ter tell 'em when I goes home ter tea. Another place as gude as this be!" went on Nockolds, sorrow giving place to anger, "Dare-say—I be a able-bodied man; I ha' alus done for 'em up ter now, s'pose I can ha' another place. That bain't th' question, 'tis th' tarnen' o' me and mine out what stick in my gullet. Ain't there no law for such as us? That 'ud be different if I worn't a poor man with a big fam'ly. I be fairly crazed about this job, I be. Ah, yer'll dew now," he said as he stopped the mill. "Yer ha' done yer bit, and fare ter me I ha' done mine."

On the table in the front room of Nockold's cottage a clean white cloth was spread, and the glass lamp standing in the centre lit up the well-polished stone mugs of the three lads seated at the board. In front of the boys was placed a blue jug invitingly full of rich milk, a large home-made loaf, and a plate of dripping, and before the father's vacant place stood a small piece of pickled pork and a pat of butter. Mrs. Nockolds was putting sugar into the children's mugs, a proceeding on her part which tended to economy.

Mary, the bedridden girl, lay on her bed, propped up by two or three pillows, holding in her arms the year-old baby, whilst her mother served the tea to the rest of the family. Mary was about eighteen years of age, and possessed the delicate prettiness often found on the faces of those who pass their lives in resigned suffering.

A fall had brought on hip-disease when she was between two and three years old, and she was now a helpless cripple, suffering much pain at times, yet bright and cheerful, ever more ready to sympathize with the troubles of others than to call attention to her own sad condition.

Her bed was placed in front of the diamond-paned window, and on the long, wide sill were arranged her pots of flowers—fuchsias, geraniums, pelargoniums, musk, and a straggling crimson China rose. Most of the geraniums were in full bloom, and all the flowers were growing as only cottage window-plants do grow. These were Mary's treasures, watered from the little red can with the long spout which her father had given her, looked at and gone over every morning, and all dead or yellow leaves and withering blooms carefully removed. Mary's flowers were the admiration of the village street—indeed, on the most dismal day the window with its wreath of bloom made a note of color which could not fail to attract the attention of the passers-by.

"Now then, Albert, don't yer help yarself ter all th' dripping on th' plate; dew yer try and larn as there is others besides yarself whose maws want fillen'," said Mrs. Nockolds to the eldest boy in a tone of remonstrance. At this moment a hand was heard on the back-kitchen door and Mary sat the baby up on her knee and cried, "Listen, baby, here come dadder." The child squirmed its little arms round and began to laugh and crow.

"Ah, dirty boy!" said Mary as she wiped the slobber from his chin. "Messen' yerself up like that. How can dadder kiss his boy if he be all wet and nasty?"

"Jim," shouted Mrs. Nockolds; "there be some hot water in th' bowl for yer ter rinse yar hands in, and dew yer pull off them crotch butes—I ha'



scrubbed th' back'us floor t'arternoon, and th' bricks be right roser."

Nockolds did not give his usual cheery answer, and as no reply was made to his wife's question as to what sort of a night it was, Mrs. Nockolds put down the tea-pot and exclaimed:

"Why, whatever be th' matter o' Father ter-night; ha' yer lost yer tongue, Jim?" but stopped in amazement as she noticed the hopeless look on her husband's face as he stepped in his stockinged feet into the room. The children put down their slices of bread and gazed open-mouthed at their father, who threw himself into his chair and rested his head in his hands.

"Be yer onwell, Jim; what ha' happened ter yer?" asked his wife anxiously.

"I don't want narthen' to eat," said Nockolds, pushing away the plate his wife had set before him. "Give us a dish o' tea, I ha' got my gut full a'ready."

Presently he repeated the conversation he had had with Farmer Preston, and when he came to the leaving of the old home a wail went up from all the family.

"Whatever we ha' got ter dew fair beat me, arter twenty years' service, tew. And yer," turning to his wife, "a-doin' o' th' dairy and a-rearen' o' th' fowls and then ter be tarned out like rubbidge. And poor Mary, how are we to move sich as her, I'd like ter know, and all her pretty gays in th' winder; we'll never get another housen with a winder like that for her, 'tain't likely; there ain't one narthen' like it in this parish, nor in no other as I knows on. And then my engine," the man went on with increasing bitterness, "I ha' crazed myself over looken' arter her, and keepen' on her bright and clean as a golden watch. And now she be a-go'in' inter strange hands ter be let down and rust herself up; but, there, that don't fret me so

much as how we can move our poor Mary."

"Father," said the girl as she heard her name, "don't yer take on about me. I know 'tis hard on yer and Mother ter leave th' cottage, but," and here the voice faltered, "I can go wheresoever we ha' ter go along o' th' furniture in th' wagon, and, maybe, if there baint a winder-sill yer can put up a wide shelf for th' plants agen th' winder. It be a main bad job, sartenly, but, there, we ha' ter go trew with it."

"Ah, it be all wery well fer yer ter lay there a-praten' and arrangen' matters, Mary, when me and Mother be so upset-hke," said Nockolds harshly. Mrs. Nockolds, with her head in her apron, was sobbing loudly. "Just as if that wor as easy as kiss yer hand ter get another place and find a hotise sich as yar mother ha' been 'customed tew. Cheerful," he went on, in answer to a remark of Mary's, "I don't see how yer can imitate o' bein' cheerful. Fare to me this be a calamity; I 'on't vote no more for them Conservatives if this be th' law for us poor folk, shot out o' housen when we never owed a penny o' rent and all. Here, Mother, I can't sit at home ternight, dew yer get me my highlows," and slipping on his boots the engineman took up his hat and went up the street.

When Mrs. Nockolds returned from putting the children to bed she noticed that her daughter's cheeks were wet with tears. The mother bent down and kissed the invalid girl. "Don't yer take ter heart what yer father ha' said, my gal," she said gently. "He be a bit upset ter-night, and so be I, but he don't mean ter be onkind ter yer, Mary."

Mary pressed her mother's hand. "I know, Mother," she answered. "It wor o' him I wor thinken'. I never wor no help, and now, when we ha' ter move out o' the owd house I fare ter be a wus ill-convenience ter yer

nor ever. But I can go along o' th' furniture, Mother. I can go atop o' th' tables and chairs, don't yer trouble o' yarselves for me. I never did think as how I'd dew a move on this earth; 'twill be my fust and last, maybe—let's hope so; th' Lord above is wonnerful kind, and p'raps He'll move me next time, and then I shan't be no more trouble ter yer and Father."

"Mary," said Mrs. Nockolds sternly, "don't yer ever let me hear yer talk like that; why, 'twould just onsense yar father ter lose yer. I know yar ha' got yer afflictions, and we ha' got ter keep yer instead o' yer going ter service like yar sisters, but we don't pay no regard ter that—we couldn't get on without yer, no how. Yer does all yer can ter help, minden' th' babies as they come along; and as th' parson say only t'other day, keepen' a cheery face for everyone and agrowen' o' them flowers for folk ter smell on. Don't yer take on a-cryen' yer eyes out cos Father wor a bit sharp, dew yer'll give yarself one o' them sick headaches." The woman kissed her daughter again, put out the light, and went upstairs to her baby who was crying for its nourishment.

Nockolds sullenly accepted the inevitable. Farmer Preston found him a place as engineman with Squire Reynolds of Upton, and the man on his return from an interview with the squire told his family he had decided to take the situation.

"Th' house be but a mod'rate one, and stand all alone out on th' mashes in th' shader o' th' windmill," he told his wife, and a gleam of satisfaction passed across his face as he added that besides his mill he had to work a steam pumping engine some half a mile further on. Mrs. Nockolds feared it would be a long walk to school for the children, and that Mary would find it "wonnerful dull with narthen' but

th' river and th' wherries ter look on, and she used ter th' willage street." But Mary thought it would be "right proper" to see the wherries and the yachts go sailing by.

From early morning on the tenth of October Nockolds had been busy dismantling the old home and packing with furniture, and the miscellaneous collection of odds and ends that everyone gets round him in a lifetime, the wagon sent over by his new master. It was past seven when he came into the front parlor to get his tea with his family, who were seated on up-turned boxes and a form, while the table made shift with a newspaper in place of the usual white cloth.

"Well, if this be moven' I want no more on it," he exclaimed as he took a mug of tea and a crust of bread and butter from his wife's hands and leant against the wall, for there was no chair to sit on. "I be pretty nigh done now 'cept for these few things," and he cast a glance round the all but empty room. "Lor, we be in a proper muddle, bain't we, Mother; and, dang me, if things worn't bad enow before, it be agoin' ter rain—there be a rare show for rain ter-morrow. That'll be a pleasant twenty mile in th' rain, and all our bedden' gotten' soaked. How do yer get on, Mother?" he asked between the mouthfuls of bread and butter. "Tired out like th' rest on us, daresay."

"That I be, Jim," the woman answered. "I never could ha' thought we'd ha' got such a lot o' truck round us in these few years. How and where to pack all mander o' things I hardly knowed, and where they all be I can't say."

"Yer'll all ha' ter make shift as best yer can ter-night," went on Nockolds. "I ha' left out a mattress or tew and yer'll ha' ter lay onter floor. Yer 'on't sleep late, that's a sure moral, for I shall ha' ter finish loaden' up afore 'tis light; we orter get onter road sune

arter seven, so as we get ter Upton and get a few o' th' things inter place afore it get dark, and make our poor Mary as comfortable as we can. I fare ter think yer'll feel th' journey, gal," and he looked sadly at his daughter, whose bed still remained intact. "Yer must keep a brave heart on yer, my mawther; if that dew rain I ha' borrowed a proper cart cloth ter cover right over yer."

"Never mind, Father, I shall dew all right, daresay. I dew wish as how I could get up and help yer and Mother; that be right wexen' alayen' here and doin' narthen' 'cept mind th' baby. But there 'tis, I can't," said Mary very sorrowfully.

As Nockolds had prophesied Michaelmas Day came in with a blinding rain. As the morning light slowly and sullenly broke over the newly ploughed fields, the stubbles, and the marshes, lowering gray clouds, full of rain, shut in the surrounding landscape. A heavy downpour greeted the eyes of the many families who were moving that day, for when a big farm in a parish changes hands there are many flittings. Some could stay, but fancy a change, hoping to better themselves, to go where work may be lighter or wages higher; others have to go whether they wish it or not, for the incoming tenant may be bringing with him some valued farm servant, and a cottage is needed for his accommodation. So all day long at Michaelmas-tide heavy wagons lumber through the villages, wagons piled high with furniture, household necessities, bedding, crockery, all jumbled together, with a wagon-cloth sparingly covering the contents from the weather, and seated on the top of everything a woman, with two, or three, or more children, as the case may be, while the husband leads the trace-horse, and a lad sits on the shafts driving the wheeler. All have sad faces, some are weeping, for even if

they are moving to better themselves there is an element of uncertainty in the proceeding, and always there is the utter discomfort of the move itself. Some, maybe, have a journey of thirty miles to go, slowly dragging and jolting along; little heads grow weary with watching the fresh scenery, and arms ache from supporting tired children. Food, too, is a source of trouble, for there is nothing for the family save what the mother's basket contains. And then, when the long journey is at last over, nothing but an empty and often dirty cottage, with the litter of the outgoing people lying about, and a weary wait, shivering in the cold, while the father unloads the wagon and places the things anywhere he can, awaiting the morning's light in which to put the house in order.

Almost before it was day Mrs. Nockolds was seated on the top of the big wagon containing the furniture, with an umbrella sheltering as best she could the baby in her arms and the three little boys, each of whom had an old sack over his shoulders. The legs of the tables and chairs stuck above the green cart-cloth, for whichever way Nockolds had tried it, it had proved insufficient to cover everything, and the mahogany chairs, which the arms of Mrs. Nockolds had polished for twenty years, and which had been her pride since the day when she and her husband had purchased them in Norwich, were jolting and scratching themselves as the wagon moved slowly over the deep ruts in the road. Black cooking utensils and bright tin kettles were piled up and roped in on the tall-board, getting rusty from the rain that poured from the black clouds overhead. Two lads urged the horses with shouts of "woosh" as they wanted the leader to bear to the right, or "cum harley" to the left, to pull their heavy load. Behind, leading the one horse attached to the "morfrey," walked Nock-

olds, every now and then looking over his shoulder at Mary, who lay on the top of the collection of mattresses the Nockolds family possessed, partly for comfort and partly to keep them dry, for stretched above her was another wagon cloth, which, as the cart was smaller and not so loaded with furniture as the wagon, completely sheltered her from the weather. Packed in round her were her many pots of flowers, and sundry treasures in the shape of a clock, china dogs, and glass vases, put there for safety.

Every one had shed tears when the wagons started, and there was another outburst when a turn of the road hid the old home from view. They jolted on till Mr. Preston's farmhouse was reached. "Fare ye well, Nockolds," cried the farmer after them. "Gude luck ter yer. I ha' got yer a gude place and a gude master, mind yer keeps 'em!"

"Thank ye, sir," Nockolds replied. "Arter twenty years' service I thinks I knows how to look arter things." The farmer nodded his head and turned in at his gate.

On went the carts, down country roads, over bridges, through villages, and the rain came down in a deluge. The horses were tired with their big loads, for the roads were heavy, and from time to time one or other of the wagons would stick in a rut, the wheels nearly up to their axles in the soft ground. When the high road was reached the going was better and the procession kept on its way till it arrived at Ludham village, where, as it was nearly eleven o'clock, Nockolds stopped his sweating horses to give them a bait of corn. At the door of the Kings' Arms Mrs. Nockolds and the children climbed down from their high seat, glad to stretch their limbs and to rest from the swaying and jolting of the wagon. The innkeeper's wife came out to greet them.

"Miser'ble weather for th' moven', ain't it? Come inter house and th' children can dry theirselves afore th' kitchen fire. Why, what ha' yer got there?" she inquired, and she pointed to the tent-like erection raised above the wagon in which Mary lay.

"That be my poor gal," said Mrs. Nockolds. "She be bed-stricken, can't move, hain't done for years, poor mawther. How be yer a-getten' on, Mary?" and the mother crossed the road to where the "morfrey" was drawn up, lifted the cloth, and looked at her daughter.

"Oh, I be wonnerful mod'rate, Mother. I shall be glad when it be all over; that fare to jolt my poor hip so, th' pain ha' come on a rum' un; that wor wus when we got in th' ruts," Mary answered in a feeble voice.

"Can't yer bring th' poor girl inside for a few minutes?" cried the landlady. "No? She look very white about th' gills, that she dew. Let me get her a drop o' spirits, that'd warm her up a bit and rewive her. I know what," she went on as Mary shook her head at the offer of spirits, "I'll heat her a drop o' corfy—will she ha' a drop o' brandy in it? It'd dew her a power o' gude."

"No, she never take no liquor," said Mrs. Nockolds, "but if yer ha' got a drop o' corfy mayhap she'll drink it."

Nockolds and the men were enjoying a pint of beer and Mrs. Nockolds thought she could fancy a glass of stout. The children stood and dried their wet feet at the kitchen fire, munching sausage-rolls and scattering crumbs all over their little overcoats, while the unheard-of luxury of a bottle of frothing ginger-beer added greatly to their enjoyment. The landlady carried out to Mary a steaming cup of coffee, which the girl sipped listlessly. When the horses had finished throwing their nose-bags in the air and had munched the last oat they contained,

the travellers took their seats on the wet wagon-cloth, Nockolds cried "Gee-up," and the procession started on the last stage of its journey.

"We be well on th' way now, Mary gal," said her father, as he shook the water from the folds of the tarpaulin. "Keep yer heart up, I 'on't jolt yer more nor I can help."

"All right, Father," Mary answered, forcing herself to speak with a strong voice. "I can hold out for a time, dew yer get on."

Still the relentless rain continued. The wind blew in strong puffs and bellied out the coverings of the wagons which flapped against the furniture, scratching and denting the polished surfaces with the brass eyelet-holes as the ends flew out in the wind. Many weary miles were made ere the procession turned off the high road on to the marsh track which led to Nockolds' new home. The track was very soft, and before the wagon had gone far it stuck in the black, peaty ruts, and the tired horses refused to move.

Nockolds was obliged to take the horse out of the "morfrey" and hook it on to the wagon, leaving Mary alone, while with the extra power he brought the wagon to the cottage door, where all alighted, glad at last to have reached their destination.

"Here be th' key, Mother—let's get Mary out o' th' wet as sune as we can. Dew yer light a bit o' fire. I ha' got a bag o' coal nigh at hand." With two horses he hurried back to his sick girl, and her cart was pulled up behind the wagon. The children were scampering through the empty rooms, rushing upstairs and downstairs, peeping into cupboards, examining everything with true childish curiosity.

"Here, Bill, dew yer lend me a hand ter lift my poor gal on her mattress inter house," Nockolds shouted. Mary groaned as the men carried her in, for her weight bellied the mattress, and

the change of position hurt her shaken and suffering body.

"Lay her down nigh th' grate, and when th' fire barn up that'll warm her," said Mrs. Nockolds. "There, my poor gal, yer'll ha' no more jolten' now," she added, as the men gently laid the mattress on the floor.

"Gawd's truth!" cried Nockolds, "how white th' mawther be! Mary, Mary, be yer wus?"

There was no answer—Mary's little strength had given out, and she lay white and rigid on her hard bed.

"She be right cold," exclaimed Mrs. Nockolds, catching hold of her daughter's hand. "I believe she be dade or else fainted. Dear, oh dear, what shall us dew out here, miles from anyone ter get help."

"Be there a doctor nigh?" asked Nockolds of the man who had fetched them in the wagons.

"Nighest be at Blofield, that be tree or four miles off," was the answer.

"And there be no un ter send," said Nockolds in despair. "Bain't there anyone close by as 'ud go for us?"

The man shook his head wearily. "Bain't no un nigh here as I knows on; might be up at th' Squire's farm." The man looked at the parents' agonized faces. "If there bain't I'll go so sune as I ha' racked my hosses up," added the good-natured fellow who was already tired out with his long tramp.

"That be right kind o' yer, Bill, and I 'on't forget yer neither. Go as quick as yer can; see, she be acomen' round now. Dew yer take th' hosses out o' th' shafts—I'll unload. Dew yer get yarself a pint on th' way," and Nockolds pressed sixpence into the man's hand.

The fire burnt up brightly in the rusty stove, and Mrs. Nockolds brewed some tea, while her husband, with perspiration streaming from his face, staggered into the house with heavy



pieces of furniture, depositing them anyhow and anywhere, struggling upstairs with bulky rolls of mattresses and pillows, making the ceilings of the old cottage shake as he flung them on the floor. One little boy was seated by the fire on an upturned pail, holding the crying baby, while the other two carried in such light articles as their small arms could lift. Mary lay motionless on her mattress—only the groans that from time to time escaped her told that she still lived. Suddenly the rapid driving of a cart was heard, and without knocking a young man entered and picked his way through the disorderly furniture to where the girl lay.

"So this is the patient," he said as he took the girl's hand and felt her pulse.

A shade of anxiety passed over his face as he noted her extreme weakness, and he asked and was told what she was suffering from, undoing her clothing as the details were given him. "Poor girl," he said as he rose from his knees after examining her hips and pommeling her stomach. "A case like this, you know, ought to have been moved in a proper conveyance. The jolting has set up extreme inflammation of the diseased hip, and it is flying round the pelvis and into her stomach. Why didn't you have an ambulance carriage?"

"Ambulance," said Nockolds, "never heard tell on 'em. Maybe if I had I couldn't ha' given th' money for 'em."

"Oh, well, for about three pounds I could have got you one from Yarmouth," said the doctor. "Perhaps, though, that would have been more than you could have afforded. Still, it's a pity; the girl's weak, naturally weak, and it's no use mincing matters, it won't be long before her sufferings are over; the pain will get duller soon, and then she'll sink, I fear. Still, I'll do what I can for her. Can you send

up to my surgery for some physic. I have another house to call at near here, but shall be home in about half an hour."

"I hain't got no one I can send," said Nockolds in a slow, dull voice. "I'd go myself, but if things be as bad as yer says I don't like leaven' th' missus. Look yer here, master, I'll give anyone a shilling as'll bring th' stuff down—may be yer can find someone ter bring it."

"All right, I'll get it to you somehow, and I'll call as early as I can in the morning," said the doctor. "Good-night. You seem to be in a fearful muddle. Ah! moving is no joke, is it?" He sprang into his cart and drove rapidly away.

The three children had curled themselves up on a mattress upstairs and were sleeping soundly. The medicine had come, and with it some brandy which had somewhat revived the dying girl. Nockolds, with tears streaming down his face, sat watching the face of his best-loved child, and the mother, sitting on the edge of the mattress, fondled the girl's hand in hers, turning away her face to hide her sobs. One small lamp, whose globe had been broken in the move, dimly lit the untidy room, and the firelight played on the figure of the young girl whose life was ebbing away. Presently Mary opened her eyes and whispered:

"Mother, Father, don't yer take on so; I be agoin' where there be no more jolten', but I be glad I ha' seen th' house. Shouldn't like ter ha' gone without knowen' what manner o' house yer wor in. 'Tain't such a bad room when Mother ha' tidied it up a bit," and her eyes travelled over the piled-up tables and chairs, the flour-bin, the pictures leaning against the walls, the Dutch clock on its back staring up at the ceiling, to the window, and she added: "Why, there be a good big sill arter all for my plants if I'd been goin'

ter stop. Yer'll look arter 'em, won't yer, Mother? There be th' new fuchsia 'cutten' the parson's daughter gave me, that suck up a sight o' water. And, Father"—here the girl's voice grew weaker, so that the man had to stoop to catch the words—"I ha' fifteen shillings in my box what I ha' made t'year o' my crochey and patchwork cushions. Dew yer buy a paper and put on th' walls; th' room want a clean paper, and that'd please Mother. Choose one o' them flock kind, all covered o' bunches o' pink roses. When yer sees th' flowers yer'll think o' poor Mary."

The girl gently pressed the hands of her father and mother, looked from one to the other and smiled but did not speak again. Useless were the parents' attempts at forcing brandy through her lips and rubbing her hands and arms. Mary had passed away.

As soon as it was light Nockolds went to his new mill to start the pumping, for the day and night's deluge of rain and a high tide had flooded the marshes, and work must be done and mills attended to in spite of sorrow. Very soon the sails were flying merrily round and the thick yellow flood-water was being churned out into the river.

"Yer 'on't come ter no harm for an

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hour or tew," said the engineman as he finished oiling the clattering cog-wheels. "I'd better be a-moven' on ter light th' engine fire and set her agoin'." Yer ain't a bad kinder mill," he added as he came out of the door and looked up at the whirling sails. "Yer be a-goin' some stroke." On the way to the engine he passed the front of his new home. "Poor Mary!" he exclaimed, looking towards the room where the dead girl lay; "and we hain't got a bit o' blind ter pull down for yer, neither; 'tain't hardly respectable. I said th' move'd kill yer, and I worn't so far out, neither. Farmer Preston, he say, 'I ha' got yer a gude place and a gude master, mind yer keep 'em.' That be true as gorspel if he meant that for Mary, poor mawther. She ha' got all that; she ha' gained it by joltin' over th' ruts and rough places; but there," and the man sighed, "th' world be full on 'em for th' likes o' us. Me and my missus and th' children ha' got a lot more ruts ter bump over afore our time come; but come it will, thank Gawd, suner or later."

Nockolds gazed at the clearing east—sunshine would follow rain. In his heart hope sprang anew. He could thank God that for Mary the time had come.

*Chas. Fielding Marsh.*

## THE OLD CONTROVERSY.

About the body and practice of any art is for ever waged an intermittent war of the practitioners. These, with their divergent theories which they must ardently defend, see causes of affront on all hands, set up their banners, and by alarms and excursions protract campaigns and shed much innocent blood on stricken fields. In the sphere of paint, impressionism takes

the scalp of the "anecdotic" school; or in music, Wagnerites make raids upon the orthodox; or again in literature, romance and naturalism are still at odds. This last antagonism, indeed, seems permanent. It has existed from time immemorial, and shows no signs of dying with the progress of history and the race. Now the one and now the other cause has emerged trium-

phant from the dust and (one must admit) also the mud of the conflict; but the effect is in the end null, as the see-saw of successes and failures cannot very well result in a definite conclusion, and the most that can happen is that each party may complacently claim a victory when its interests are uppermost and most popular. At the moment it seems pretty clear that we are emerging rapidly from a romantic movement into a critical atmosphere which is making for realism. Romance may very well be said to have had "its innings," and some people will account that an unreasonably lengthy innings, if not one which was only contrived by the heretical deeds and false doctrines of Robert Louis Stevenson and his friends.

Yet it is difficult to see why Mr. Stevenson's version of the art of fiction, or Sir Walter Scott's, should be more heretical than Mr. Anthony Trollope's or Balzac's. The scope and range of fiction is broad, as broad as human nature, and as hospitable as human interest. One should not seek to pen fiction within limits—that would be retrograde—but rather to develop its branches into as highly specialized arts as may be possible. In this house are many mansions, and it would ill become the inhabitant of any particular flat to cry out that he was the only legitimate tenant. The history of the novel gives no authority to those who would so narrow its definition. Its origin is not lost in the mists of remote antiquity, but is yet of respectable age. Undoubtedly the first form of the novel was merely the art of story-telling: an admirable art at its best. But this is precisely what a certain class of critic would nowadays rule out of the game. The story, to the "naturalist," is anathema, as such; and I am inclined to believe that a devoted disciple of the realistic school would consider a novel, which otherwise fell in

exactly with his views, at fault if it boasted the meretricious attractions of a good plot. In the same way the fanatic painter has been known to condemn in a picture, otherwise admirable in his eyes, a regrettable leaning to anecdote. It is unreasonable that we should be asked to look coldly on all sections of the art save one, seeing that there is no special excuse for establishing any one as the proper standard. I am bound to say that this is not so much a fault of the romanticists as of the realists. It is the latter who display the stronger feeling, perhaps because they have been so long in the cold, but, I think (and I hope not unkindly), more from a virtuous feeling of self-righteousness. But self-righteousness oversteps the boundaries of arrogance and injustice not seldom, and the "naturalists" do not spare their enemy. They can see nothing in Bret Harte, and approve of Mark Twain because he wrote "*Huckleberry Finn*." They have a feeling of superior contempt for Stevenson, except perhaps for his "*Will o' the Mill*" or "*Markheim*," they will tell you. They rush for their spear and armor at once, on the merest sight of an historical novel. "*Esmond*" and "*The Virginians*" are to them pitiable failures. Their gods are Balzac, George Eliot, Trollope, Zola, and Mr. George Moore. Considering these tastes and distastes, which are taken at random, it is not difficult to come at the state of mind which dictates them; and the "naturalist" would probably prefer to dignify his criterion of criticism in the word Sincerity. I have no objection to his claim, for it is, I admit, sincerity, or truth to human life, at which he aims. As a consequence Bret Harte, who built a delectable fairy world of romance for himself and his readers, comes under the ban of the critic; and Stevenson, who wrote of things which, the "naturalist" bitterly complains, "do

not happen nowadays," is also condemned, except for his essays or such pieces of fiction as are obviously allegories. The historical novel, again, including "Esmond," is rejected, on the frank ground that no one can write sincerely of a past age, since that age must necessarily be foreign to him.

The narrowness of this point of view is obvious, but is it right and proper? The broad way leads, we know, sometimes to destruction, and the narrow way may be the only path to salvation. Historically, it is clear that the view is *not* right. Perhaps, then, we have so improved on the original, or let us say aboriginal, view, that we are justified in discarding it, as grown people have discarded the pinafores and bibs of childhood. Undoubtedly our elementary need is a definition, although possibly we should all be quarrelling over that also. But there is a point in the discrimination made by the realists between Stevenson's stories and Stevenson's allegories which is interesting, if only because it discovers to us that even in their stern eyes all fiction is not homogeneous. To condemn "Olalla" on the ground of unreality and "shamness," and to excuse "Markheim" because it is an allegory seems to me to give the case bodily away; inasmuch as it goes to show that there are legitimate categories in fiction. "Markheim" and "Will o' the Mill" are allegories. The realist will allow you allegories. But will he not, therefore, also allow you parables and fairy-tales? And if not, why not? Why is the line drawn and where? If he reply that fiction (or the novel) is a term which must mean specifically one thing, we, who are not devotees, but fair and open-minded readers, we hope, would like to ask, why? Historically there is no warrant for the limitation, nor is there etymologically. At what precise time, then, and by what authority did the words take on that restricted

meaning? As a matter of fact, it is not very easy to see how the most obstinate and obdurate of men could deny the existence of the fairy-tale. It has laws of its own and a character. So, too, has the naturalistic novel which is "sincere" and deals frankly with naked life. So, too, has the novel of adventure, and so, too, with all respect, has the historical novel. Fiction, starting out from story-telling pure and simple, has, in accordance with the law of evolution, split into several branches and specialized each. Of its very last specialization I shall have something to say presently.

When you plead for some favorite romance the realist will meet you in argument with the statement, bald and abrupt, that there are no "physical adventures now—only emotional." You may not write historical romances because you are out of the contemporary atmosphere; and you are debarred from modern romances of plot or incident because there are no longer any "physical adventures." The novel of to-day, he declares stoutly, must be written in emotions and frames of mind. You are allowed a fair field, and can choose between emotions of sex, of religion, of business, philoprogenitive or pious emotions, or any other you may find relating to human life and conduct. It is an excellent, liberal scope, I will admit at once, but—you may not coquette with that false goddess, Romance, by the way. Otherwise you are "insincere," you are heretical. "People don't do these things," as Judge Brack says in "Hedda Gabler." Unhappily for the argument it is demonstrable that people *do*. The growth of law and order, the increase of industrialism, the abolition, at least in part, of the duello, and the merging of the unknown wildernesses in modern civilization—all these things, characteristic as they are of life to-day, avail in no wise to eliminate "physical

adventure" from the facts of that life. The attitude of these protestants against romance reminds one not a little of the admirable Peace Society, which would have us disarm all over the globe, from Pole to Pole, because in England or in America a certain pitch of civilization which abhors war has been reached. Outside that advance guard of Occidental progress there is no distaste or disapprobation of war. There swords clank and rifles reverberate continually, and over a large part of the world sacrifices for ever go up to the God of War and human life is accounted nothing. Until the nations are in line and accord there is no possibility of general disarmament. And because in America or in England we have got rid of many sources of "physical adventure," therefore it does not follow that the same is true of the world in general. Indeed, we know it to be wholly untrue. And, after all, how much have we eliminated? No highwaymen ply longer on Hounslow or on Finchley, it is true; Sir George and Sir James do not pink each other any longer at Chalk Farm; but these are forms of adventure merely characteristic of another century, which in its turn differed from preceding centuries. As well might the people of the seventeenth century have boasted that there were no "physical adventures" in their time, inasmuch as no longer did pious warriors march to storm Acre or wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the Saladin. The accidents and incidents of life are innumerable, and it is mere blindness which cannot see them everywhere. There is war, there is death, there is suicide, there are a hundred violences which are evident every day. If we have no longer the duello, we have replaced it by the wounds and fatalities of the factory, the engine-house or the railway train. Life is proportionately as insecure now as it was then,

allowing for the advance of medical and surgical skill. But then disease was never the subject-matter of romance.

These remarks apply more especially to Great Britain. In the whirl of the world across the channel the reign of incident, and the factors that make for incident, is quite as powerful as in the middle ages. You may still practise the duello there to your heart's content, and kings, kingdoms, princes, potentates, and petty powers are as innumerable as ever. Save for drains and sewers, and macadamized roads and the police, I can picture another adventurous progress across Middle Europe, as full and as exciting as that related in "The Cloister and the Hearth." Princes might be offended, Court regulations violated, prisons endured, and encounters with high-mettled German officers arranged to suit any taste. One might even add to these passports and railway officials. I am not an Alpine expert, but, so far as I know, there was no mountaineering in the golden times of "physical adventure." Our century, therefore, is at an advantage here, for we have an extra form of violent end to the good. No mediæval chronicler of imagination would have been fool enough to make one of his characters tumble into a crevasse or fall from a lofty peak. Current public opinion would not have stood the insanity. The novelist to-day is under no such restrictions. No physical adventures! Why, they are immensely increased by the complexities of modern life. One may die in battle, one may starve on wastes as in old time, and to these picturesque fates may be added the uncertainties of the railway train and the vicissitudes of the motor-car. It seems to me that we are for ever adding to the possibilities of this frail and casual life.

Oddly enough, it is from America



that the most sounding protest against romance has reached us. America seems to thrust upon us most of her fashions and practices, even down to Christian Science and quack medicines. A certain reaction has broken out of late years, and the public will no longer sway to the piping of Mr. Howells and those who battle with him for the genuine thing. This dates, as a distinguished American critic has pointed out to me, from the invention of the second-rate American novel. But the first-rate American novel still remains faithful to its naturalistic ideal, and Mr. Howells is its prophet and priest. Yet one would suppose that in the United States, above all countries, the claims of "incident" would have been acknowledged. It is the land of physical wonders, in which such things may happen as to amaze the comparatively staid and conservative peoples of the Old World. If I am to judge by what I have read, it should be impossible to live in any part of America a week without some adventure. I don't know what Mr. Howells does or where he can hide himself to avoid them. As for me, I am persuaded that the west is like the east, and that between the Atlantic and the Pacific lies a paradise of adventure even wilder and more unexpected than any Orient gardens. That strenuous civilization is always bewildering us with its strange accidents, its colossal strikes, and its revolutionary changes of fortune. We do not now poison our political enemies in Europe, so far as I know, as once was common enough. Yet I would hesitate to say that we had not some compensation for that extinct custom. I am sure there is as much romance in Tammany as there was in any secret society of Venice and the Medici. Of course on this side of the ocean we are dependent upon New York newspapers for our information as to Ameri-

can affairs. But if these are credible a study of Tammany would well repay a Wilkie Collins or the author of "The Leavenworth Case." I can imagine no more congenial task for either of these ingenious writers than the adaptation of elements such as emerged into the smothered light of day in connection with the recent police scandal in New York City. In France, where I believe this controversy, proper to more serious natures, is not of quite so large a shape as with us, there is plenty of evidence to refute naturalistic pretensions. One need go no further than the Panama case in politics, or the Humbert scandal in Society. And still Boulangers in every country shoot themselves on their ladies' graves. The futility of the argument which I have been dealing with is, indeed, clear to any one who stops to consider the constitution of the human creature. It is possible that some day we may eliminate "incident" and confine ourselves to "emotional adventures," but I confess I see no sign of it. Everything makes for an enlarged area of chances, and, though the kind of "physical adventure" alters, the vicissitudes themselves increase rather than fall off. It is among the Ainus, if I remember rightly, that Mr. Herbert Spencer finds the most perfect ethical system, because the Ainus have not known martial conditions for many hundred years. Well, possibly when we are like the hairy Ainus, we, too, may eliminate the accidents which make up our present unhappy and unjust life—but it will not be till then.

The truth is that the realist doctrine is fighting for a dogma, not a creed, and fighting, too, against a broader view. It is more generous as well as more just to acknowledge the wide embrace of fiction, to keep one's own preferences may-be, but to condemn and to deny no one's authority.

The world is big enough for us all, whatever be our tastes and habits; and no one compels us to read any particular kind of book or to admire it. I may have no feeling for the particular "ism" dear to Mr. George Moore or to Mr. Andrew Lang, but I must not dispute their right to exist and enjoy their own opinions. Yet it was Mr. Moore who, shortly after Stevenson's death, delivered a savage attack upon the modern master of romance. It was unmannerly, and it also had the additional demerit of being untrue. For the qualities that go to make fiction are the mental properties of the writer, and, provided a certain form is adhered to, as to which, indeed, there is plenty of liberty, nothing is demanded except the manifestation of those qualities in print. Form, plot, character, style, philosophy, wit, humor, pathos—all these are properties which should combine in the perfect novel. There is no reason in the world why they should not be seen in combination in an historical novel or in a novel of adventure. One may agree that they are not often seen in such works, but then they are not always seen in the psychological novel either. Second-rate and third-rate work is always in excess in any class of art. And if the historical novel tends to lack one or more of these properties—character, say, or humor—the psychological novel is usually weak in form and plot, if in nothing else. Because I admire Mr. George Moore's novel, "Sister Theresa," as a remarkable study of a certain class of muliebrity, and admire it despite its formlessness and its lack of humor, may I not also admire Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Forest Lovers" as a radiant piece of fancy, which has invested itself with a fairy atmosphere of its own? To speak vulgarly, I do not care two buttons whether Mr. Hewlett's tale is true to whatever century it is

pitched in. What appeal to me are the properties resident in the author by which this work is accomplished, and which are reflected in it. The "Forest Lovers" is a fairy-tale, excellent in its class, but no one would deny that, *ceteris paribus*, a tale of character might be better work. In "Esmond" are to be found all the qualities that compose good fiction, but "Esmond" is regarded by our friends, the psychologists, as a comparative failure. Thackeray, they say, should have written about his own time. He did write about his own time, and wonderfully; but what hinders it that he should write also about another time, in which he has depicted characters true to their atmosphere and condition? Is Thackeray to be condemned solely because "Esmond" is not concerned with modern times? It seems so. On the *ipse dixit* of our critic, the realist, we are to be torn from our idols. The work is not "sincere"; but nude studies from Whitechapel or the Bowery in the year of grace 1903, or photographs from Piccadilly or Fifth Avenue, or phonograms from rustic hillsides and valleys—these, being faithful and true—are to be preferred to works which employ the eye of the imagination. There is an amazing amount of characterization in "Treasure Island," but it is a bloody piece of adventure, and it has form and plot and style, and moreover it is "historical." Away with it to the school library! But to do them justice, mere blood and riot are not objected to by the realists, when they are considered necessary. I have read recently quite a remarkable book, written unfortunately too much under the influence of Zola, by Mr. Frank Norris. "The Octopus" is a patient, "sincere," and at times tedious study of wheat-growing in Western America. Blood and violence find place in it, and it achieves an effect by the imaginative power of realiza-

tion possessed by its author. The thought, however, on laying the book down takes the form of regret that Mr. Norris was so negligent of form. The possession of that would have reduced the material to a shapely size, and have eliminated and emphasized and minimized to the advantage of the work as a piece of art.

It is art, indeed, which the critics I am discussing will hardly admit into their consideration. The plain and self-evident fact that all art must be regarded in the light of the rules of art does not seem to be borne in on them. That which makes the widest appeal by reason of its general recognition by the public must in their view be more important than that which is appreciable only by the few. The great truth that art makes certain demands of those who would appreciate it, and therefore must always be aristocratic rather than democratic, is not accepted by such critics. The motto of art for art's sake has, therefore, been considered a reproach, just as if you should preferably have art for commerce's sake, or even art for morality's sake. I cannot imagine even the staunchest psychologist going forth to do battle under such banners. It is not objected against mediæval painters that they did not get the proper atmosphere of their religious pictures. The great masters depicted Christ, Virgin, and Apostles in Florentine or Paduan guise and costume; but the pictures remain for all that among the priceless possessions of to-day. The people of "Ivanhoe" or "Salambô" are the people of nineteenth-century England or France, but that does not prevent both romances from being valuable works of art. But art is no longer an acceptable term in certain quarters; Truth, with a capital, has taken its place, and *en veranche*, the motto is truth for truth's sake. Art has nothing whatever to do with truth *per se*, but

merely with the exhibition or materialization of certain human mental gifts. The school which inscribes truth on its flag is under the obsession, in short, of *choses vues*, the blessed phrase derived from a writer who was of quite another complexion. According to this theory it becomes the aim of every good writer of fiction to transcribe faithfully from life and life alone. Who gave leave, one would ask, to limit the novel to this meticulous transcript? A novel may very well be that, and be a very excellent novel, but it is not necessary. The point of view, as I have said, appears to me intolerant, shallow, exiguous and ungenerous. The broad brush must, then, give way to the photograph, and the dramatic to the commonplace. A criticism which I have heard offered upon the striking finish of a novel is, that life does not necessarily bring such effects, indeed that life is sparing of them. It is true, but no writer is bound to reckon up chances by the laws of probability and select his episodes with mathematical fidelity. Art is not composed of *choses vues*, but of *choses choisies*, and there, in a phrase, is the flaw that vitiates the whole position of this school. For the acceptance of the *choses vues* tradition involves the sacrifice of form, the neglect of style, and the complete disregard of plot. It is, indeed, an abnegation of the principles of art, or, at least, what has been art for these two or three thousand years.

At its best the naturalistic conception of the novel—perhaps I should write limitation of the novel—involves a faithful realization of the emotions, but asks nothing much else. At its worst (and it usually is at its worst, for masters are rare) it becomes merely photography, the accumulation of detail, the tedious iteration of life in a hundred phases of no consequence. It is not facts which matter, but the hu-

man emotions derivative from facts; and all things that happen are by no means of equal importance. Some, indeed, are of no importance in the world. Of course the "naturalist" who is also an artist will recognize this fact, and shape and hew at his pleasure; but for the most part it is understood by that school that any observations are as useful or as vital as any others. There is no value from the point of view of art in the photography which shows the legs of a galloping horse in ridiculous attitudes. It serves, no doubt, an excellent purpose in science, but science is not art. The sooner, indeed, that it is recognized that truth has nothing to do with art (and that a beautiful work of art may be one colossal lie), the sooner will the errors and heresies of criticism pass.

The qualities which go to make a good plot or story are not inconsiderable, provided the story is well told. It is true that invention is a lower faculty than imagination, being dependent as it is on factual memory, and not on emotional memory. Yet who can separate invention from imagination in any specific work of the human mind? The properties are inseparably united in almost every performance. But this same invention, so greatly despised, seems to be held in contempt because of its limitations. The hands go up, with shoulders and eyebrows, in expressive scorn of the poor spirit which is content to reproduce for the thousandth time some feature of nature or some common human act. What hurts the realist is to come upon a man hanging from a cliff or a handsome young gentleman stopping a runaway carriage. I have no objection in the least, myself, to these incidents, provided they are handled properly; for, although I have come across them before, the emotional value to me is represented by the treatment, and, besides, such things do happen, not once

but frequently. People do hang from cliffs—I have a distinct recollection of doing so myself once—and people do save others from accidents of various kinds. The only objection I would take to the current tales of adventure is that they do not introduce half the amazing things that might and do happen. Is it, then, because these incidents are outworn that our realistic friends object to them? If that be so we shall have a right to complain that the emotions also are outworn, and we may be excused for turning the pages impatiently when we come upon instances of love, jealousy, fear or filial affection. These things have been used ten thousand times. We are sick of them. Really if the "naturalists" cannot do anything fresher they had better put up the shutters. And one may note, too, that it is surprisingly odd that the same people who object to "incident" on the score of its hackneyed character, should be content to pass their time in transcribing *clichés* from life. There are, in short, if we confess and be candid, more facts in the world than there are emotions, and yet the value to a human reader is the influence of facts upon the emotions, by which means, according to the laws of permutation, we get an almost infinite variety of interest rendered possible to the novelist. And I, for one, would not confine him within the stone walls of any special theory.

I have referred above to a new form of specialization which is the last to be assumed by the novel. This, to me, is a most interesting development, interesting none the less because of the arrogance of its claims to wipe out all previous elderly respectable specializations. Age should have rendered these immune from attack, but the "naturalist" will not consent to spare them. In developing its theories logically, naturalism has developed along

with them its style, or lack of style, if you will. The old idea of literature was that it was a refined and more comprehensive form of language daily heard in the markets and on 'Change. By degrees this stock of words, phrases and ideas enlarged its borders, specialized its functions, and grew aristocratic. From it was derived the *litera scripta*, as distinct from the *litera dicta*. Therefore when a writer sat down to pen his thoughts he did not put them down in the few hundred words which he used in the course of his communications with his fellow men, but employed a far greater variety, choice and taste in writing *literature*. All writing, in the same way as all talk, is an attempt to adjust ideas current in the mind to the counters which we call words. These counters represent values, but the written language has a greater variety of values than the spoken. Hence it is a finer instrument. Also, it is clear from this that a certain disparity between written and spoken tongues must disclose itself and enlarge with the growth of the language. The gap must of necessity widen. There must be an increasing divorce between *litera scripta* and *litera dicta*. As a consequence it has always been the tendency of literature to idealize in phrasing spoken language. Conversations tend not to be written precisely as they occur, but to be interpreted into a slightly different medium. It is the essence that is requisite, not the detail, and as long as the departure from reality is not so gross or shocking as to be ridiculous, the idealization is justifiable and, sometimes, even desirable. It is so, of course, with the whole body of poetry. No one speaks, or spoke, as Homer represents Achilles to have spoken, or Scott, Marmion, or even Mrs. Barrett Browning, Aurora Leigh. It is not necessary to be utterly faithful—to be literal, in fact, is not to be literary.

Otherwise we should reproduce the stammers, stutters, coughs and interjections with which ordinary speech is interlarded. Art may not only select, but may idealize so long as the offspring of her ideals fulfils her purpose. And the bearing of these remarks on the subject is just this: that the naturalistic school in following up fanatically its narrow cult, tends to decline upon the *litera dicta*. If you have once made up your mind that sincerity to life is the only thing to live for, why then to be consistent you must away with all these trappings and graces called literary style. Documents, facts, details from life are what are not wanted in that case, and there is no use for *milieu*, or manner, or exactness of interpretation into words. That way, of course, lies, as is evident, the decay of literature. Yet to those who have no particular "isms" in fiction, and who are content to enjoy good work of any sort, the phenomenon is only interesting as being another development in the history of fiction. As history was evolved from the epic, and prose from verse, so in these latter days we are evolving out of literature a new form which shall deal with the *litera dicta*, and have nothing to do with what we have always known before as literature. It will be able to possess all the qualities of literature save one, that it has no relation to *writing*. This seems to me both important and interesting. There is no special reason why many novels written nowadays should not be cast into the shape of dialogue, possibly with written italic instructions in brackets to aid the reader. Such books may combine all excellent qualities, but we must recognize that they are distinct from what we know as novels. It might be possible to find another name for them, and I have no doubt that when the movement is fully developed and fully recognized some suit-



able nomenclature will be invented, or perhaps grow up naturally. Anyhow, they are certainly not novels as we know them, and perhaps if we give them another name the realists will not quarrel with us so much, and will let the poor romancer alone to practise his miserable art in peace.

The school of criticism which I have been endeavoring to deal with as fairly as possible in this article starts with imposing definite limitations on fiction. The process of definition can become amazingly arrogant, for it is always a temptation to exclude from your definition your opponent's views—from which, as a premiss, you get naturally a triumphant conclusion. To damn by definitions is a sort of divine privilege, which perhaps ordinary mortals should in their humility avoid. Yet if one party assumes the privilege, there is really no good reason for refusing it to the other. Therefore, I can conceive some embittered romancer refusing admission within the usually hospitable bounds of "literature" to this new-fangled use of language. If in this new development language is to be divorced from what we have immemorably known as literature, it must look out for a new name and a new classification. Sculpture is not painting, but both are forms of art; so (will claim my incensed romancer) literature is not this *dictature*, though both these also are forms of art. It is not possible to deny that such a medium as the latter, even although it despise and reject the "art of words" is within the province of art. Every mental quality which goes to make a good novel may be exhibited in the work of a man who is contemptuous of the old rules of form and style. A man may have imagination, fancy, wit and everything else, and yet ignore the ancient claims of language. It is be-

coming increasingly easier to do so with the growing separation between literary language and oral language. We use far fewer words in common talk than our fathers (if we put aside mere technical terms), and there are many books of fiction published yearly which make no pretence to do more than use the vulgar oral tongue. This, I maintain, is to invent a new medium of art, and I cannot see what is to prevent it from further developments on its own lines. It will not threaten literature when it is consciously marked off from it, but in the meantime we should frankly recognize that a new off-shoot has arisen. It will simplify matters for all concerned, and (I am even in hopes) may make peace between the two antagonistic schools. It is not, of course, necessary for the "naturalist" to write *dictature*, if I may be pardoned the unholy phrase; but he will tend to do so more than the pure romancer to whom words are the counters by which he must skillfully mark emotions. The two branches of art will be mixed oftentimes, and will cross probably more often than not; there is even such a thing as colored sculpture, and even the Greeks invented the chryselephantine art.

If these modest efforts to throw light on a vexed subject and to mediate between two admirable and opposing wings of a great art have any success, I shall be rewarded by the peace which will ensue. But if, on the other hand, I have merely thrust myself between two angry disputants, and must get the blows of both, speaking personally, but humbly, I beg to say that I have, after my own fashion, made trial not of one form of fiction only, but of both, and shall continue to do so; and that, having no prejudices, or prepossessions, I hope I may claim the indulgence of either side.

## MR. KIPLING AS POET AND PROPHET.\*

The author of "The Islander," "The Lesson," "The Absent-Minded Beggar," "The Old Issue," and similar compositions, comes before the world principally as a prophet. These works may be taken as successful examples (like the laureate's "Jameson's Ride") of the art of giving concentrated voice to a popular sentiment, in a form which adapts itself readily to recitation in the music-halls and other local centres of emotion. But behind the prophet still lurks the poet who wrote "Danny Deever," "Kabul River," "Mandalay," the "Ballad of East and West," and "The Flag of England"; and in a literary review one may be pardoned for dealing first with Mr. Kipling in his less obvious capacity. It is sad to record that the volume before us opens with a disappointment.

Who hath desired the Sea?—the immense and contemptuous surges?  
The shudder, the stumble, the swerve  
as the star-stabbing bowsprit  
emerges?

The orderly clouds of the Trades, and  
the ridged, roaring sapphire there-  
under—

Unheralded cliff-haunting flaw and the  
headsail's low-volleying thunder—  
His Sea in each wonder the same—his  
Sea and the same through each  
wonder:

His Sea as she rages or stills?  
So and no otherwise—so and no other-  
wise hillmen desire their Hills.

There are four of these stanzas, each similar in form, and the whole is called "The Sea and the Hills." But, although the poem does well for the heading to a chapter in "Kim," where the context supplies a link, taken in itself the refrain is simply an irrelevance. If a man is going to write a

\* The Five Nations. By Rudyard Kipling. Methuen. 6s.

poem about the sea, he has no business to intrude upon us at the end of each verse a thought in no way related or led up to. The fault is simply damning, and if the refrain were as good in form as it is slovenly, the verses would still have to be ruled out. Moreover, in the third verse what is meant by this?—

White water half guessed overside, and  
the moon breaking timely to bear  
it.

It is hard to have patience with a man who will spoil work so fine as that in the first four lines of our quotation. But Mr. Kipling, who has trodden the easy ways of prophecy, knows that in an "Absent-Minded Beggar" ode anything will do, and does not hesitate at the conclusion that, even when he writes poetry, the public will not inquire too curiously into his grammar or sense. It is a deal easier to write offhand—

And our bullies close in for to make  
him good prize

or—

The bitter salt spin-drift; the sun glare  
*likewise*

than laboriously to find the word which will fill the space in metre or the gap in rhyme and yet keep the desired tone. Nevertheless, the prophet does not always usurp. "The Bell Buoy" and "White Horses" seem to me worthy of a place with Mr. Kipling's best work; and there is fine writing in the commemorative lines on Joubert (though a Boer would probably say that Joubert's "name will pass from sire to son" with that of Buller), in "The Settler," and in the "Young

Queen," an ode on the Federation of Australia. In a different and higher class rank "The Burial" (lines on the tomb of Cecil Rhodes), and, of course, "Recessional," which comes at the close of the volume. That was written in 1897. It is melancholy to think that the man who wrote it should be capable now of publishing, not merely such doggerel as "The Lesson" (doggerel has a justification in its appeal to those who will read nothing else), but such wordy and ungrammatical bombast as "The Reformers." Here is how Mr. Kipling says that it is well for a rich young man to volunteer for military service—

Happy is he who, bred and taught  
By sheer sufficing circumstance—  
Whose gospel was the apparelled  
thought,  
Whose gods were Luxury and  
Chance—

Sees, on the threshold of his days,  
The old life shrivel like a scroll,  
And to unheralded dismay  
Submits his body and his soul.

The fatted shows wherein he stood  
Foregoing, and the idiot pride,  
That he may prove with his own blood  
All that his easy sires denied—

Ultimate issues, primal springs,  
Demands, abasements, penalties—  
The imperishable plinth of things  
Seen or unseen, that touch our peace.

Remark in passing the last rhyme, which, bad as it is, is made worse by the unspeakable bathos of the words "that touch our peace." If we are to have rhetoric, let us at least get it good.

To turn to the prophet. Mr. Kipling starts with the faith that war is not only necessary but desirable as a factor in national existence. That is perhaps a questionable faith, but it is one which the writer of this review happens to share. Yet to hold this doctrine is one thing, to gloat over

the mere business of destruction is another. Mr. Kipling's poem "The Destroyers" (one of the best written things in the volume), which describes how an English torpedo-boat attacks and shatters a hostile convoy, recalls disagreeably the jubilant forecasts in the English press of what lyddite was going to do, or of the work which cavalry would make among the Boers. Verses in this tone come ill from the author of "Recessional." Mr. Kipling, however, would doubtless urge that this poem is a mere piece of byplay—a concession to that impulse which makes the small street boy delight to carry a pistol—and sets us imagining what we as a nation *could* do with the weapons we have in our pocket. (*Qui nolunt occidere quemquam posse volunt*). He would probably say that the poems by which he should be judged are those which glorify the martial spirit and inculcate the soldierly qualities. Let us consider how he does it. He is very angry with his countrymen because they "grudge a year of service to the lordliest life on earth." Now, does Mr. Kipling seriously mean to assert that the year which any soldier has to spend "in learning his trade, parade," is a lordly life? If he does, any conscript in any European army, or (nearer home) any gentleman ranker of his acquaintance will contradict him flatly. A soldier's life is lordly, if ever, only when he gets his chance to put training to the proof—and that doubtless is what Mr. Kipling means. He resents the slowness of his countrymen to fit themselves for this privilege, and the slackness of their response when the opportunity of real fighting offered. In the pinch, as he says, they "fawned on the younger nations for men who could shoot and ride." If a pro-Boer had written this, what names he would have been called! And even a pro-Boer may be allowed to hint that Mr. Kipling is less than fair to the English

If invasion of England actually threatened there would be no want, I think, of volunteers. It is easy to say that this would be late, but General Grant in the American War was asked how long at a pinch it took to make an infantryman, and he answered, "About a week." And at present the average Englishman does not contemplate invasion as a serious possibility. Mr. Kipling would urge that an invasion of Natal was the same thing, morally speaking, as a landing in Kent; but it is obvious that his countrymen did not feel it to be so. And further, there was a very marked difference in men's willingness to come forward between the days when the war had a defensive character and the later time, when it became undisguisedly a war of conquest and annexation. This is a distinction which Mr. Kipling does not seem to understand, but nevertheless it lies deep. Englishmen may reasonably hope that they would fight to defend their liberty, as the Boers did, to a man. They do not all learn the use of arms as Frenchmen or Germans do, because they do not, like Frenchmen and Germans, feel it necessary for the defence of their country. But Mr. Kipling wants Englishmen to show self-sacrifice, not for the maintenance of liberty but for the aggrandizement of empire. Now I confess that my zeal for the soldierly qualities depends a good deal on the cause in which they are displayed.

But there is one thing quite obvious. Mr. Kipling may be entitled to blame his countrymen for not turning out in full strength as did that "little people, few but apt in the field." He has, however, no right to find fault, if under South African conditions one Boer was worth several Englishmen. You cannot breed cowboys in Kent or mounted infantry in Manchester. And frankly, if I were a modern Englishman—that is to say congenitally and

by preference a town dweller—I should rather resent Mr. Kipling's contempt for the "street bred people." Is, after all, the man of the veldt—whether Boer or Colonist—superior, say, to the Sunderland artisan? The assumption that he is underlies the writings not only of Mr. Kipling, but of a host of lesser prophets. Yet it does not follow that a man who lives in a big space is bound to have a big soul—or even a big body.

Speaking as an outsider, I find it easier to admire the patriotism of Tennyson, which delighted to glorify the traditional qualities of Englishmen—a great love of personal independence, a prepossession in favor of liberty for others—than to sympathize with Mr. Kipling's imperialist sentiment, which desires apparently to see every good Englishman engaged in the business of governing some one who is not English, and thereby liberated from the stunting circumstances of English life. The Englishman whom he holds up to glory is the Englishman anywhere out of England. Such Englishmen as are misguided enough to remain are in duty bound to shake off that stolid composure and self-satisfaction (which many of us have thought to be England's best asset) and live so far as possible in a perpetual panic. The whole thing seems to me part of a disposition to substitute bigness for greatness.

In the meantime, actual war seems (as usual) a poor inspiration (*Æschylus* was the only man who ever wrote real poetry about contemporary war) and the "Service Songs" in this volume are none of them so good as, for instance, the ballad of "The Grand Trunk Road." "The Dirge of Dead Sisters" is better than these laborious exercises in a dialect where cockney slang is overlaid with purple patches; and much better is "Bridge Guard in the Karroo." But what madness in-

duced Mr. Kipling to include the verses which he calls (most inaptly, by the way) "*Et Dona Ferentes*!" They would do well enough in an undergraduates' journal at Oxford or Cambridge, or for that matter in any not too literary newspaper. However, as they are there, one may observe that the refrain, "But oh! beware, my country when my country grows polite," suggests a

The Pilot.

reason why England's authority does not stand to-day, perhaps, at its highest point. One thinks of all Mr. Chamberlain's speeches and the English press before the war, or, indeed, of Mr. Kipling's own much applauded line "Sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled," which described those who were not yet the enemy.

Stephen Gwynn.

### THE RECONSTRUCTED CABINET.

It has been a week combining the elements of tragedy, of comedy, and of burlesque. The last came first. The newspapers of Saturday, October 3rd, reported a deputation to Mr. Austen Chamberlain, then Postmaster-General, on the subject of the "cash on delivery" postal system. Mr. A. Chamberlain fully recognized the merits of the case for the introduction of that system into the United Kingdom. It had been, he said, "adopted by all the more progressive countries and post-offices of the world." No doubt there were "certain inconveniences attached to the change, as to all changes," but he "was not aware of any shade of evidence that its introduction in other countries had injured any one; it had been of enormous advantage to all classes;" and more to the same effect. Therefore, of course, the British Post Office, it might be assumed, would at once take steps to provide the people of this country with an arrangement of which the advantages had been proved and are highly appreciated by our fellow-subjects in Australia and India and by the dwellers on the European Continent generally. Was that the conclusion? Not at all. Public opinion here "required further education" before the advance desired by the

deputation, and acknowledged by the Postmaster-General to be entirely desirable, could be made. He hoped that the subject would be prominently brought before the public—and that was all. Is not this truly a burlesque, an absolute *reductio ad absurdum*, of the doctrine of "mandate"? It might hardly have required notice here but for the fact that four days later the exponent of this remarkable view was—in accordance with common anticipation—raised to the great post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. An able and well-liked young politician-administrator is Mr. Austen Chamberlain, no doubt; but the possibility of having Budgets generally treated on plebiscitary lines—their leading features made the subject of popular "inquiry" and "education" before they are brought into the House of Commons—is disquieting to contemplate, alike from a constitutional and from a business point of view. Nor are these anxieties allayed by the reflection that a near relative of the new Chancellor of the Exchequer undertakes the provision of the "education" required, over a large part of the fiscal sphere.

With the announcement of Mr. Ritchie's successor came that of the King's sanction of the ultimate selec-



tions made by Mr. Balfour for three of the principal Secretaryships of State—for India, Mr. Brodrick; for the War Office, thus vacated, Mr. Arnold-Forster; and for the Colonies, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton. The Cabinet reconstruction thus concluded (with the addition of Mr. Graham Murray as Secretary for Scotland and Lord Stanley as Postmaster-General) had been an exceptionally laborious and protracted task. That at the very moment of its completion the restored fabric should be subjected to the shattering rent involved in the resignation of the most weighty and distinguished of the Prime Minister's remaining colleagues was one of those political events which border closely on the tragic, even while there is about them no small provocation to laughter. It broke down Mr. Balfour's self-control, as is witnessed by the appearance of his bitterly-reproachful letter to the Duke of Devonshire, which, whether or not there was any excuse for the writing of it, certainly ought never to have been published. If only he could have kept the Duke in his Cabinet, the elevation to great office of only partially-proved, but undoubtedly promising and able, young men was a step for which there was much to be said, with a view to strengthening the general hold of the Ministry on public opinion at home and abroad. But with the Duke gone, and gone practically into opposition, the situation wears a very different aspect. We have not a word to say in depreciation of the capacity of either Mr. Arnold-Forster or Mr. Lyttelton. On the contrary, both on their "public form," and still more in view of the respect in which their gifts and characters are held by well-informed and competent judges, we anticipate for each of them a career of very honorable and useful service to the State. But their reputations as administrators and as framers and ex-

ponents of a Governmental policy are, in Mr. Arnold-Forster's case, for the most part, and in Mr. Lyttelton's case entirely, yet to be made. Years are required for the building up of such reputations, and not all the expectations which may reasonably be cherished as to the future of the new Secretaries of State can now avail to counterbalance, in the public eye, the remarkable paucity in Mr. Balfour's Government of Ministers whose names stand for established statesmanship, either in the executive or the legislative sphere. The limited range of his choice in that regard is illustrated by the transfer of Mr. Brodrick to the vacant Secretaryship for India. It may well be, and we are inclined to think that it is, the fact that Mr. Brodrick, who is certainly a very hard-working and intelligent administrator, has received a great deal of unjust censure for War Office failures. But if the interests of the public service demanded his removal from that department, it is difficult to discern the justification for his appointment to the Ministry responsible for the charge of our Oriental Empire, with its vast congeries of complex problems, internal and external, and its three hundred millions of inhabitants. We do not care to assume that the Prime Minister is quite indifferent to the effect such an appointment is likely to have on the Asiatic mind; but if not, then the only, or the least unsatisfactory, explanation of his action is that he reluctantly made the selection for India of a Minister whom he could not maintain at the War Office because he had no other statesman of experience to fall back on for the vacant Imperial charge.

To the authority, the prestige, and the prospects of a Ministry made up under such conditions and with such material, the continued presence or the withdrawal of the Duke of Devon-

shire could hardly fail to make all the difference. No other British statesman has, or, indeed, within living memory has had, just that hold which he has long possessed on the confidence of the great central body of sensible, calm-judging, Englishmen, who care for things more than for names or cries, but are yet, at bottom, alive to the grandeur of the national traditions and the vastness of the responsibilities they involve. There were, indeed, important resemblances between the position occupied by Lord Salisbury and that held by the Duke of Devonshire in the regard of their countrymen. But the classes or sections which they influenced were only partially identical, and in so far as they were actually so, the retirement, followed by the death, of the former statesman rendered of still more essential moment the retention of the latter among the working chiefs of the political alliance which they had joined in forming. Accustomed though he may be to underrate the magnitude of his own talents and position, the Duke of Devonshire cannot be really unaware of the enormously crippling effect which his withdrawal must exercise on the power of a Cabinet, reconstructed as the present one has been, to carry on the King's Government with credit and success. Not less conscious must he be of the fact—also by no means without its tragic aspects—that his resignation sets the final seal on the dissolution of the Liberal Unionist party. That with these considerations clearly in view he has, after whatever hesitations, felt constrained to take the fateful step of leaving Mr. Balfour's Government means, first, of course, what appears on the face of his letter of resignation—that he has realized that the Prime Minister has committed himself, and endeavored to commit the whole

Unionist party, to a policy which will find its chief support among, and inevitably tend to become more and more accordant with the aspirations of, the undisguised Protectionists. To be the principal exponent of such a policy in one branch of the Legislature would have been to the Duke a more and more "intolerable strain." He is no more a "fanatical Free-trader" than Mr. Gerald Balfour, who, at Leeds on Thursday, disclaimed that title. No more, that is to say, than the President of the Board of Trade does he hold that Free-trade is a dogma for the practical exposition of which England was created, or that it possesses "any such authority or sanctity as to forbid any departure from it for sufficient cause." But to his mind, the presumption would always be for the rule and against the exception, whereas he suspects, and Mr. Gerald Balfour's speech affords abundant confirmation for the suspicion, that the dominant aspiration of the Cabinet would be for the steady multiplication and extension of exceptions until the rule had disappeared. To be the mouthpiece of such a tendency in the House of Lords would be for the Duke, intellectually and morally, impossible. But also, in our belief, even if he had been much nearer in his views and tendencies on fiscal questions to Mr. Balfour and his brother than he actually is he would have found it impossible to give the continued sanction of his presence in the Government to the proceedings connected with the withdrawal of Mr. Ritchie and other Free-traders three weeks ago. That any such sanction on his part has been withdrawn must be a satisfaction to all who are interested in the maintenance of the best traditions of Cabinet Government in England.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The Funk & Wagnalls Co. publish "Modern Practical Theology" by Professor Ferdinand S. Schenck, D.D., a highly useful and comprehensive manual for preachers, instructors and students in homiletics, polmenics, sociology and the English Bible; and "The Being with the Upturned Face," by Clarence Lathbury, a work of high purpose and containing not a few excellent and suggestive thoughts, which nevertheless misses its highest usefulness by reason of a needlessly involved and difficult style.

Boy readers will find Everett T. Tomlinson's story, "A Lieutenant under Washington," a spirited tale, full enough of adventure to satisfy the most exacting. The lieutenant, as readers of "Under Colonial Colors" will not need to be told, is young Henry Miner, and, with his friend the trapper he plays an important part in some of the plots and intrigues which attended the campaign in the middle colonies. The story, although linked with its predecessor, is of independent interest, and there is at least as much of historical verity in the incidents as in most grown-up historical romances. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"The Best American Orations of To-day," compiled by Harriet Blackstone and published by Hinds & Noble, is a useful compilation of present-day utterances from pulpit and platform, having to do with live ethical, social and political questions now prominent in American life. They are of a wide range and are admirably chosen. Incidentally, they serve to dispose of two illusions, the one that oratory is becoming extinct, and the other that the

issues discussed by orators of the past were any more momentous or more inspiring than those with which Americans have to deal to-day.

To their "Astor" edition of the poets, T. Y. Crowell & Co. make three additions: *The Fairie Queene* by Edmund Spenser, with an introduction by William P. Trent, professor in Columbia University, and a biography by J. Walker McSpadden: *The Canterbury Tales* by Geoffrey Chaucer, with an introduction by Thomas R. Lounsbury, professor of English Literature in Yale University; and the *Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary*, with an introduction and notes by Katharine Lee Bates, professor in Wellesley College. These volumes are legibly printed, attractively bound, and furnished with all necessary helps for reading and study, and yet are sold at the astonishing price of 60 cents each.

The almost universal human aversion to spiders is probably too deeply rooted to be removed by any consideration of their ingenuity and intelligence: yet if anything could compel one to a closer study and a more charitable view of those small creatures it would be such a book as *Alice Jean Patterson's "The Spinner Family."* The author has made a careful and affectionate study of the habits of the garden spider,—Mrs. Epeira,—the autumn spider,—Mrs. Argiope,—the orb weavers, the tent makers, the house spider and other members of the spinner family, and has reported concerning them with a simplicity which appeals to the unscientific reader, and especially to that very rare young person who is not averse to reading for profit, if a

book be not too arduous. There is a frontispiece in color and many drawings in the text by Bruce Horsfall. A. C. McClurg & Co.

Dr. William Mathews, who, thirty or more years ago, gave the youth of that day certain useful hints and suggestions on "Getting on in the World," which attracted wide attention by their wisdom and pungency, has gathered into a volume which he calls "Conquering Success" some forty essays and papers which he has contributed during the interval to various periodicals upon themes similar to those discussed in the earlier book. In them the young reader of to-day, and especially the young man of the period, if he is addicted to indifference or is easily discouraged will find a great deal to his advantage. The articles are pithy, practical and encouraging, with enough of humor to relieve their seriousness, and abounding in anecdotes and allusions. The counsel contained in these papers is the fruit of long experience and wide observation and it is conveyed in a style marked by singular force and directness. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In companion volumes of convenient size and attractive typography, A. C. McClurg & Co. publish "The Best Tales" and "The Best Poems and Essays" of Edgar Allan Poe. Both volumes are edited by Sherwin Cody, who has done his work discriminatingly and well. Poe had real genius, but he was so erratic and his work so uneven that few readers have the patience or the inclination to sift out from the four volumes or more of his collected writings that which is really the best worth reading. This is what Mr. Cody has done, and the value of his work is nowhere better seen than in his selections from the critical essays. The

tales are grouped and classified as "Tales of Imaginative Science," "Tales Grotesque and Amusing," "Tales Weird and Beautiful," "Tales of Ratiocination," and "Tales Psychological and Gruesome." Of the poems, about forty pages suffice for reprinting all that is worth while. We are inclined to think that those who are most familiar with the whole body of Poe's writings will agree that little is omitted from these two volumes which deserved a place there.

Apropos of the question of the genuineness of the Shakespeare relics at Stratford-on-Avon, The London Times prints a letter written to a friend by Joseph Skipsey, formerly the custodian of Shakespeare's birthplace, who, writing in explanation of his resignation, said:

I must not conceal from you the fact that there was another reason [beyond a personal reason specified] why I should resign, and that was that I had gradually lost faith in the so-called relics which it was the duty of the custodian to show, and, if possible, to explain to the visitor at the birthplace. This loss of faith was the result of a long and severe inquiry into which I was driven by questions from time to time put to my wife and me by intelligent visitors; and the effect of it on myself was such as almost to cause a paralysis of the brain. . . . That our Shakespeare was born in Henley Street I continue fully to believe, and that the house yet shown as the Shakespeare House stands on the site of the house in which he was born I also believe (and it was sacred to me on that account); but a man must be in a position to speak in more positive terms than these if he is to fill the post of custodian of that house; and the more I thought of it the more and more I was unable to do this. As to the idle gossip, the so-called traditions and legends of the place, they are for the most part an abomination and must stink in the nostrils of every true lover of our divine poet.

## THE MASQUERADE.

Masked dancers in the Dance of life  
We move sedately . . . wearily together,  
Afraid to show a sign of inward strife,  
We hold our souls in tether.

We dance with proud and smiling lips,  
With frank appealing eyes, with shy hands clinging.  
We sing, and few will question if there slips  
A sob into our singing.

Each has a certain step to learn,  
Our prisoned feet move staidly in set paces,  
And to and fro we pass, since life is stern,  
Patiently, with masked faces.

Yet some there are who will not dance,  
They sit apart most sorrowful and splendid,  
But all the rest trip on as in a trance,  
Until the Dance is ended.

*Olive Custance.*

## HOPE.

The shadowy thoughts in the dream  
Of Eternity we,  
The myriad motes in the beam,  
Of the Ever to Be;  
But we dream that slow time shall absolve  
The gold from the dust on a day,  
And in mutable splendors dissolve  
The motes in the ray.

This hope is the star of our night,  
Scarce discernible, pale;  
That pierces with visual light  
Life's shadowy veil.  
Lone vista of orient skies  
Old visions with beauty you crowned;  
They passed, and yet hope never dies  
'Till illusion is drowned!

The elusive delight of a dream,  
Of the moon in a pond,  
The light of a wandering gleam  
That is ever beyond  
The soul, that is drawn by the star,  
Enrobing each thought in a glow

That is here, that is hence, then afar  
Where no man may know.

Yet surely this star shall be ours!  
Then time shall grow cold,  
And grief shall be melted to flowers  
For seraph to hold;  
Shades fairer than life from the tomb  
Shall rise; the empyrean throng,  
And poets that died in the womb  
Shall burst into song.

The thoughts shall be light in the dream,  
The motes shall be bright in the beam,  
And being be bliss!  
And for this did Hope's wandering star  
Through the wilderness lead us afar;  
Aye, surely, for this!

*Macmillan's Magazine.*

## WILD ROSES.

Wandering one long summer day,  
Where freshening all an endless way,  
The faint shell's color sunlit through,  
Wild roses in the wild hedge grew,  
Thought I "There is no long or far,  
Where in the hedge wild roses are."

Through stony cities oft I pass  
Tomb'd over the forgotten grass;  
No roses in their lanes to climb,  
No flowering as in flowering time;  
Yet seems not any pathway drear  
That children, like wild roses, cheer.  
*Walter Headlam.*

*The Saturday Review.*

## LIGHTEN THOU MINE EYES.

When the drowsy wings of Death  
Rustle at my chamber-door;  
When the Spirit which is Breath  
Breathes upon me evermore;

When the tarrying Soul delays  
In its stricken house below—  
Lord, through all Thy lofty ways,  
Whither shall my spirit go?

Lighten Thou mine eyes lest they  
Knowing that which is not Thee,  
Lead the wayward Soul astray  
Hopeless through Eternity.

*Fred G. Bowles.*